McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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GET READY FOR M'KEAN COUNTY FAIR AND RACES

Only Two More Weeks Until the Great Event Starts.

LARGE ENTRY LIST IS EXPECTED.

Both For the Races and Stock Exhibits—Racing Purses Will Be Liberal—Stock Sheds to be Commenced at Once—Don't Forget the Dates, September 4, 5, 6, 7.

Two weeks from next Tuesday the McKean County Fair and Races will start and weather permitting it will be the greatest event of its kind ever held in McKean county.

The managers of the various departments are busy arranging for new attractions which will please the people. Invitations have been extended to the three candidates for governor to be present some day during the fair. Edwin S. Stewart, the Republican candidate, has declined owing to other engagements. Lewis Emery, Jr., the fusion candidate, has promised to come under certain conditions and it is expected that matters will be arranged so he will be here. Homer L. Castle, the Prohibition candidate, has not been heard from but his reply is looked for real soon.

The cash purses offered amount to over $4,000.00. Of this $2,400 00 is for the racing purses and over $2,200.00 in prizes for live stock, poultry, farm products, domestic and fancy work, culinary, etc. With these liberal purses for the races and premiums on our products there should be many contestants and a large display in every department. And there is every reason to believe there will be. J. M. Hilton, superintendent of speed has been out for the past few weeks booking horses for the races and his reports are most favorable, so it is safe to say that we will have all the sport that could be desired in that line. Judging from all reports the stock and other exhibits this year will be at least five times those of last year. From every part of the county comes reports that the farmers are taking a great interest in these departments and there will be a great deal of friendly competition for the prizes The stock exhibit last year was the only weak feature of the fair, but there is no danger of anything of the kind this year. The contract has been let for the cattle and other live stock sheds and will be completed in plenty of time for the fair. The cattle shed will be 165 feet long and the other 100 feet in length. They will be built as described in this paper last week.

The side attractions and entertainments will be numerous and of a high-class. A vaudeville entertainment will be given on the platform opposite the grand stand each day, between the heats. There will be the Ferris wheel, the merry-go-round, the razzle-dazzle and many other innocent amusements, and everybody who comes will be assured a good time. Remember the dates, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 4, 5, 6 and 7, and it will be well to remember that every day is the "big day."

John D. Abbey Seriously Injured.

John D. Abbey of East Smethport had a narrow escape from having his back broken on Thursday morning last and as a result is confined to his bed in a very serious condition, although it is not thought that his injuries will be fatal or that he will be permanently crippled.

Mr. Abbey was working on a new barn which he had erected on the Glenn lot in Reilly hollow and while making some repairs on a door in the rear of the building he missed his footing and fell to the ground, a distance of about twelve feet. He struck on his back across a piece of timber and was rendered partially unconscious for some time.

When he gained full possession of his faculties he realized that he was alone and not liable to get aid in such an isolated place, so he gathered all his strength and courage and by a superhuman effort managed to crawl on his hands and knees to a place near enough to the main road so that his cries for help could be heard.

The occupants of a passing rig heard his calls and came to his assistance. He was taken to his home where medical assistance was called. His back was found to be severely strained and bruised and for several days he was almost entirely helpless, but he has commenced to improve and now unless complications should set in he will fully recover in a reasonable length of time.

For Sale.

Good building lot opposite depot at Larabee. For further information inquire of H. W. Rusin, Smethport, Pa.

Death of an Old Resident.

Died in Farmers Valley, August 11, 1906, Thomas Goodwin. Mr. Goodwin would have been 90 years of age had he lived until the 25th of this month. He was a native of Liverpool, England, coming to this country with his young wife more than sixty years ago.

He first settled in Elmira, N. Y. From there he went to Williamsville, in the southern part of this county on the old turnpike road from Smethport to Ridgway, fifty-nine years ago. He kept a hotel there for eight years in what was known as the "Williamsville House." He then bought the farm in Farmers Valley known as the Farmers Valley hotel property, where he has since resided. With the aid of a faithful, industrious wife, who departed this life but a few years ago, Mr. Goodwin secured a competence and has lived in ease and comfort for many years.

He is survived by one son, Thomas, of Wilder, Minn., and two daughters, Caroline, an invalid who lived with her father, and Mary A., wife of C. H. Moore, formerly a fellow townsman, now of Indiana, Pa.

When Mr. Goodwin bought the farm where he had lived for more than fifty years of the late Solomon Sartwell, there were no railroads in this county. Olean was the nearest railroad station and all the goods used in this county, Elk and Jefferson counties were hauled from Olean. Mr Goodwin kept one of the best hotels on the road, of which there were many in those early days. He was always cheerful and pleasant and the teamsters were sure of a good meal and a clean bed and a good barn for their horses when they reached his hotel. You can readily imagine an effort was made to get there at meal time and at night fall. The teams that passed in a single day could be counted by dozens, and his house and barns were filled to overflowing every night.

Mr. Goodwin was an honest man and a good neighbor, and he and his good wife were always kind to the poor. He will be missed by many and they will always have a kind word to speak of him. ***

Gallup Family Reunion.

On Tuesday, August 14th, one of the most beautiful days of the summer of 1906, the 3rd annual reunion of the Gallup family was held at the celebrated "Frog Camp." This spot was peculiarly fitted to the occasion because of the fact that it is situated on the tract of land that was owned by almost the first of the Gallups who came to Norwich and vicinity. Extensive preparations had been made, a large covered pavilion 18 by 50 feet had been erected with a fine pine floor for dancing.

Early in the morning automobiles and other conveyances began to arrive conveying the participants of this enjoyable occasion. The committee of arrangements had matters so well planned that promptly at 1:30, 78 of the total number of 138 sat down to the first dinner of roast chicken, fruits, ice cream and all the delicacies of the season. After the large assemblage had been well filled and had finished partaking of the sumptuous repast the tables were cleared away, and to music "that money could not hire" dancing was indulged in by both old and young.

All of the houses belonging to the camp were opened for the use of the reunion. Old acquaintances and old times were talked over until the going down of the sun when the distance some had to travel necessitated the breaking up of this 3rd annual reunion, and all departed well filled, well satisfied and hopeful for the reunion of 1907.

At the business meeting L. J. Gallup was continued as president, O. D. Gallup as treasurer and F. D. Gallup elected secretary for the ensuing year.

The next annual reunion will begin on the 3rd Tuesday in August 1907, the first day being in charge of the ladies and the second day's program, including the commissary department in charge of the male contingent. ***

Koenig-Learn.

A quiet little home wedding, charming in its simplicity, was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Learn, on Tuesday evening, August 7, 1906, it being the occasion of the marriage of their daughter, Adeline, to Mr. Leo Koenig, of Smethport. The immediate relatives only were invited. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. G. Schoepflin of the M. E. church of this place. A carriage was in waiting at the door and after hearty congratulations, the happy couple entered this and were driven away, followed by a generous shower of rice. Mr. and Mrs. Koenig have gone to Williamsport, and on their return will be at home to their friends in Eldred.—Eldred Eagle.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Koenig are well known here, the bride having been employed by Mrs. Clark as head trimmer in her millinery store, and their many friends here wish them much happiness.

For Sale.

A number of fine lots fronting on Main Street, in Smethport. These lots are 4 by 16 rods, nicely located, and will be sold at moderate prices and on easy terms of payment. Also a nice lot on Bank street. T. H. Morrison, Attorney

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

It is with regret that we read in the Port Allegany Reporter the death of little "Jo," only son of A. J. Hughes, editor and proprietor of that paper. In his affliction Brother Hughes will have the earnest sympathy of his brethren of the press wherever he is known. Dec. 1882.

Willis J. Ripley of Keating township, died on Monday evening, March 19, 1883, at his residence, of Brights disease. He leaves a wife and two small children. He was only 28 years old, and had just paid for his farm and got into position to take life easily and prosper. The funeral services were held in the M. E. church on Wednesday.

Hotterestine-Field.—At the M. E. parsonage, Smethport, March 22, 1883, by Rev. E. P. Hubbell, Mr. William Hotterestine and Miss Ella L. Field, all of Hamlin township, Pa.

Jackson—On Monday, March 26, 1883, of inflamation of the brain, Thomas Jackson, (colored) aged 16 years.

The remains were sent by express to his former home at Harpers Ferry, Va.

Cleveland—At the residence of Walter Evans in this borough, of heart disease, Charles Cleveland, aged 62 years.

The funeral occurred Thursday, April 5, 1883, at 12 o'clock. Remains were interred in Rose Hill cemetery.

Last week one day we received a pleasant letter from E. J. Hall, well known in this vicinity as the agent for Buffalo parties in the bark business in McKean county. Mr. Hall has been in Smethport more or less for a year or two and is very favorably known, but this is not what we started to say. At the bottom of the letter a notice in a trembling hand was written, which showed that the business was somewhat new to him. It read:

Married

Hall–Hyde.—On Monday, April 2, 1883, by Rev. E. E. Belden, Mr. E. J. Hall of Union City, Pa., to Miss Eva A. Hyde of Riceville, Pa.

Mr. Hall says that he will in all probability locate among us in this borough, and if he should determine to do so the right hand will be extended to him and the lady of his choice.

Kerwin–McCarty.—On Tuesday, May 9, 1883, by Father J. F. Smith, Daniel Kerwin of Bolivar, N. Y., and Anna McCarty of Keating township.

Bush–Stone.—At East Smethport, May 23, 1883, by Rev. O. J. Rose, O. D. Bush of Smethport, and Alice Stone of Lock Haven, Pa.

Glenn—At his home in Smethport, May 30, 1883, of consumption, Hugh Glenn, in the 55th year of his age.

Into the family of Dr. H. L. McCoy on Tuesday, June 5, 1883, and Rob't H. Rose, Esq., Wednesday, June 6, 1883, came daughters, who were cordially welcomed by their respective parents, and the faces of the fathers are lighted up with the peace that passeth understanding. All concerned are progressing favorably.

Tuesday, June 5, 1883, a number of boys, among whom was Carolton, son of postmaster Sprague, concluded to begin the annual natal celebration in a small way, and to that end got a diminutive cannon and a quantity of powder, and taking a position in the street set about making preparations for firing a national salute of the usual thirteen guns. After loading their piece of ordnance, they laid down a paper containing the powder, and by some mistake one of the boys dropped a lighted match into it just as Carolton was stooping over the gun making some final arrangements. In a twinkling the whole box and dice went up in smoke, burning Carolton's face somewhat, and filling it with grains of powder until he presented the appearance of a South Sea Islander fully and fashionably tatooed.

Dr. Brown was called in and rendered such medical assistance as was required, and we are glad to say the boy is not much hurt, but has probably learned a lesson that will be useful to him in the future.

When Ghordis Oviatt returned from his western hunting trip a few weeks ago he brought with him a bear cub which he kept at his home, some two miles down the valley. He was taking great pains with the pet to give him such an education as a respectable bear should have, and to teach him the habits and customs of civilization. But a day or two since the animal mauuged to disconnect the chain that bound him and at this time is at large with a leather collar about his neck and some two or three feet of chain dangling to it. Look out for him and if you find the animal the chain will be handy to lead him home by. Bear this in mind.

Last week one day as Andrew Perry, who resides some six miles up Marvin creek, was working with or about his oxen one of them resented what he deemed too much familiarity, by kicking Perry in the side, breaking two of his ribs and otherwise wrecking him. Dr. H. L. McCoy was called, set the broken bones, administered such treatment as the case required and left the man comparatively comfortable. There is an opportunity here for a moral, but the man is hurt bad enough and the ox, of course, wouldn't understand.

Lincoln Party Convention.

Friday's Bradford Era says: The Lincoln Republican party held their county convention in their headquarters in this city yesterday afternoon. The convention was called to order at 2 o'clock and at that time the rooms over No. 43 Main street, used for headquarters, were well filled with delegates.

County Treasurer S. D. Weaver was chosen temporary chairman and the roll call of delegates followed. There was a fairly good representation of the districts of the county to answer to their names.

When the permanent organization was taken up E. R. Mayo of Smethport was chosen chairman. H. M. Wick of Bradford and E. E. Anderson of Kane were elected secretaries.

Nominations being in order for member of assembly, James A McKean of Smethport and C. V. Merrick were nominated. There being no opposition the two candidates were nominated by acclamation.

Mr. McKean was present and expressed his appreciation of the courtesy extended.

The nomination of a candidate for jury commissioner was deferred, the selection of a man for that office being left to the executive committee of the county committee.

Chairman Mayo named the following committee on resolutions: Hon. W. E. Burdick of Bradford, Darius Simpson of Annin township and C. S. King of Port Allegany.

The resolutions were eulogistic of Hon. L. Emery and other candidates and contained sentiments similar to those of the State platform of the Lincoln party.

For congressional conferees E. A. Boyne of Bradford, W. H. Randall of Duke Centre and James Connolly of Ludlow were named.

Big Fire at Straight.

A fire which destroyed about $75,000 worth of property visited Straight on Sunday morning, wiping out T. H. Quinn & Co.'s big saw mill, planing mill, blacksmith shop and two dwellings which were also the property of Quinn & Co.

The fire was discovered at about 7:15 a. m. by the watchman, who had been engaged in a part of the mill somewhat remote from where the fire originated, which was in the boiler room. When discovered the fire had gained such headway that it was found impossible to save the mill and surrounding buildings so that every effort was directed toward the salvation of the lumber yard and neighboring dwellings. In this the fire fighters were successful, other than that they were not able to prevent the destruction of the two dwellings mentioned above. These dwellings were the property of Quinn & Co. and were occupied by J. W. Winslow and C. D. Simpson. Fortunately the occupants were enabled to save all of their belongings before the buildings were destroyed.

The valuation of the property destroyed is estimated at $75,000, all of which is fully covered by insurance. Messrs. Quinn & Co. inform us that it is their purpose to rebuild at once, but upon a smaller scale than formerly, as the supply of timber in that locality is diminishing to such an extent that it would be unwise to erect such a large plant as the one destroyed. The old plant gave work to between 35 and 40 men and was the chief industry of Straight. Quinn & Co. are an enterprising firm and may reasonably expect to do the best they can under the circumstances to give the town all the employment that is possible.—Johnsonburg Breeze.

Truthful Words.

It is an outrageous thing to despoil a woman's character, yet that evil grows from century to century, and it is all done by whispers, says a writer in an exchange. A suspicion is started. The next whisperer who gets hold of it states the suspicion as a proven fact, and many a good woman, as honorable as your wife or mother has been whispered out of all kindly association, and whispered into the grave. Some people say there is no hell; but if there is no hell for such a despoiler of womanly character, it is high time that some philanthropist built one! But there is such a place established, and what a time they will have when all the whisperers get down there together rehearsing things. Everlasting carnival of mud.

Last Five Day Excursion to Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Saturday, August 25th, will be the last opportunity offered this season by the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry. for a five day trip to Buffalo and Niagara Falls at cheap excursion rates. Tickets will be sold for train leaving Mt. Jewett at 2:50 p. m. at fare of $3.00 for the round trip and will be good returning from Niagara Falls or Buffalo on all regular trains up to and including train No. 7, leaving Buffalo 10:40 p. m. Wednesday, August 29.

Don't miss the 10 days cost sale at The Big Department Store of Bell Bros. Olean, N. Y.

DEMOCRATS HOLD COUNTY CONVEN[redacted]

A Rathe[redacted]

A Fl[redacted]

Edito[redacted] C. V[redacted] pr[redacted]

The De[redacted] various p[redacted] Saturday a[redacted] on Tuesday [redacted] of transactin[redacted] fairly good att[redacted] a possible 92 an[redacted] in nomine[redacted] exceptio[redacted] the sla[redacted]

The[redacted] by Ho[redacted] and J[redacted] to offi[redacted] John [redacted] E. S[redacted] secre[redacted]

Th[redacted] betw[redacted] Ther[redacted] resol[redacted] th[redacted] tic[redacted] usu[redacted] of abo[redacted] committe[redacted] to order.

The selectio[redacted] commissioner w[redacted] the names of W[redacted] port, Patrick Mull[redacted] and Joseph Mullin[redacted] were placed in nomi[redacted] received a majority o[redacted] first ballot and was du[redacted]

After Chauncy W. Sharp, [redacted] ner of J. M. McClure of Bradford and a prominent young Democrat of Gillmor, and Editor Tom M. McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald were nominated for members of assembly some one moved that nominations be closed and these gentlemen were nominated by acclamation. Each made a short speech of acceptance pledging themselves to do all in their power for the success of the ticket, Mr. Sharp stating that they should force the Lincoln party to give them assistance.

C. P. Byron of Bradford, Editor S. R. Lindsley of the Democrat and G. A. Korner of Dallas City were placed in nomination for conferees to the congressional conference. Mr. Lindsley immediately arose and stated most forcibly that he would not accept the honor and after E. H. McDermott of Kane was named in his stead they were nominated by acclamation.

Only one candidate was placed in nomination for county chairman and that was W. F. Potter of Bradford. His nomination was made by acclamation and in his short address he promised to use his best efforts to lead the party to victory this fall.

There was a lively discussion in regard to further attempts to fuse with the Lincoln party and it was finally decided to give the county committee power to fuse if the Lincoln party would make the advances, but not otherwise.

At the Baptist Church.

Rev. T. D. Ware has been preaching a series of sermons Sunday evenings during July and August on the Doctrine of Salvation. 1st, The Christian Conception of God; 2nd, God's Government of Love; 3rd, Death of Christ; 4th, Why is Christ a Savior; 5th, The Problem of Sin; 6th The Relation of Christ to Manhood. The subject next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock will be, Relation of Christ to Human Sin. The main point in each sermon will on each occasion be stated so that each sermon will form a part of the whole.

School Announcement.

The Borough schools will open Monday, August 27. Examinations will be held Friday, August 24th, at 1:30 p. m. for those pupils who have been making up subjects during the summer.

Pupils having certificates from other schools to present for classification are requested to apply at the office for admission cards on Friday of next week between the hours of 9 and 12 a. m.

Pupils will please remember to bring report books on first day of school.

T. T. Allen.

Young men desiring rooms in the new dormitory of the Indiana Normal School of Pennsylvania will find it to their advantage to send in their applications at once.

Address D. J. Waller, Jr., Indiana, Pa.

Westbrook Commercial Academy will open its 35th school year at Olean in September.

Would be a Waste of Money.

Among the resolutions of the[redacted] cratic Convention in Fe[redacted] the following[redacted]

A special short course is provided for those who cannot spend two years in the study but who wish to quickly prepare themselves for self-support.

The object of those who are providing the funds for this work is to ultimately extend the benefits of skilled nursing to every village and township in the land.

Nearly 200 free scholarships will be available this year.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending August 11, 1906

Allen Colegrove, Don Elias Davis, Jos. G. Hamer, Mrs. R. E. Irwin, Harry Klyer. Foreign—Anton Bastron, (3)

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. Gallup, Postmaster.

A Five Day Trip to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

On Saturday, August 25th, the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry. will sell excursion tickets to Niagara Falls and return for train leaving Mt. Jewett 2:50 p. m. at the low fare of $3.00 for the round trip. Tickets will be good returning from Niagara Falls or Buffalo on all regular trains up to and including train No. 7, leaving Buffalo 10:40 p. m. Wednesday, August 29th. This will be the last five day excursion of the season.

Summer Sunday Excursions on P., S. & N. R. R.

Commencing Sunday June 24, 1906, tickets will be sold each Sunday until September 30, 1906, inclusive, from Smethport to Olean and Riverhurst at rate of $.75 for the round trip. Tickets limited to date of sale. Train leaves 8:12 a. m. Special low rates to all other points to which Sunday trains are scheduled. For further particulars see hand bills or inquire of agents. Jos. T. Odell, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa. Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

Free Tuition for prospective teachers seventeen years of age. College Preparatory Department, Conservatory of Music, Commercial Department. Three new buildings. The fall term of the Indiana Normal School of Pennsylvania will begin Tuesday, September 11, 1906. Catalogue free. Address D. J. Waller, Jr., Indiana, Pa.

Spring Millinery.

The most beautiful and artistic creations in spring millinery are ready for your inspection at my store. Place your order w. Style and skill combined satisfy the most exacting customer. Mrs. Carrie Clark.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

Forty acres nice, smooth meadow. Inquire, John Harrington, R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

$100,000 worth of dry goods, carpets, and furniture at cost for 10 days at Bell Bros. Big Department Store, Olean.

In Pursuit of a Lover

By ALICE LOUISE LEE

Copyright, 1905, by Alice Louise Lee

NEVER was there an uncle watched over with more solicitous care than was Bennett Henry, and when a certain disagreeable though vague report reached [illegible] laid aside her [illegible] the front [illegible] particular friend El[illegible]ility [illegible]er uncle, and she [illegible]rivacy. [illegible]se of [illegible]m to [illegible]u let [illegible]?" he [illegible]prised, [illegible]n a be[illegible]nd hand[illegible] and the [illegible]outh and [illegible]any young [illegible] or in New [illegible]surprise me," [illegible]e you again to[illegible]ered. [illegible]ore the [illegible]n flush [illegible]cession [illegible] urged [illegible]le to[illegible]rning [illegible] Ellen [illegible]rhen [illegible]ated her, [illegible] the [illegible]

Josephine turned and glanced at the carpenters at work beautifying the house opposite. "Uncle is making quite a change, is he not, Jane?" she remarked carelessly, and the girl grinned knowingly as she replied, "Folks do say, Miss Josephine, as he's gettin' ready for a bigger change."

Josephine smiled calmly, but it was with a heavy and angry heart that she went upstairs to her own room. She sat down in front of the window without stopping to remove her hat.

Her uncle, being an easy going and jolly man, had shown alarming matrimonial symptoms before, but Josephine had always been enabled to check them by use of prompt and skillful measures.

She reviewed her maneuvers as she sat staring at the improvements across the street. There was evident need of prompt action on her part, but she was handicapped by a lack of knowledge. She had yet to learn for whose benefit these changes were being made. She began to pass in review all the eligible women in Alldale, with a possible objection plan in each case, until the rattle of wheels and the rapid thud of horses' hoofs aroused her.

It was her uncle in his high hat and gloves, driving a smart new trap. The vehicle rolled down the long street and disappeared. It reappeared, crawling slowly up the side of a mountain which rose sharply from the town, and then—a paralyzing fear seized Josephine. She dashed into her mother's room, seized a field glass which lay on the table and was back at her post in a moment, raising the glass with unsteady hands. Halfway up the mountain side was perched a small brown house, standing out bare and unsheltered against the green. In front of that house Uncle Ben secured his horses and, sauntering up the steps with the air of one familiar with the place, sat down on the piazza. In a moment a woman came out of the house and joined him.

Josephine lowered the glass. Her cheeks were flaming, her hands were cold. That brown house was the last house in Alldale where she would have her uncle call; Ellen Beck was the last woman in Alldale that she would have had her uncle choose. She sat down and stared at the house across the way. Was she too late? Her anger rose hotly against her uncle, who knew that she and Ellen Beck had been rivals from the time that they contended for the spelling prize in the fifth grade until the previous year, when Jim Ashdown— Josephine gave a sudden exclamation.

An idea had shot above her mental horizon, carrying in its wake a plan, an obstruction plan.

When she arose there was a tight, unpleasant expression about her lips. The expression deepened as she unpacked her trunks. She carefully shook out the folds of a handsome ecru silk, one of Bennett Henry's latest gifts. Josephine looked exceedingly well in ecru, and her plans required that she should look and act exceedingly well, beginning with a church sociable to be held that very evening.

Alldale had never before seen Josephine at a church social. She had heretofore scorned them, but her campaign required her attendance at this one. She went prepared to cope with a situation which met her eyes as she entered the door of the church parlors. It was a situation in the form of a gay group centered around Mr. Henry and Ellen Beck.

Ellen wore a dress of some cheap material which she had made herself. It was made with a view to laundering easily, but the fabric was a delicate blue, which showed to the best advantage her fair skin and delicate color. A knot of crisp blue ribbon in her hair accentuated its softness and the occasional gleam of gold among the yellow strands.

"Hello, Jo!" cried her uncle, suddenly espying her. "Never thought of your coming. Thought you generally ignored church shows."

"Oh, you don't know me yet, uncle," responded Josephine, gayly advancing. [illegible] was the very spirit of gracious[illegible]. [illegible]ur journey through the room [illegible]. She astonished [illegible]er's most intimate [illegible] particular friend El[illegible]ility [illegible]er uncle, and she [illegible]rivacy. [illegible]se of [illegible]m to [illegible]u let [illegible]?" he [illegible]prised, [illegible]n a be[illegible]nd hand[illegible] and the [illegible]outh and [illegible]any young [illegible] or in New [illegible]surprise me," [illegible]e you again to[illegible]ered. [illegible]ore the [illegible]n flush [illegible]cession [illegible] urged [illegible]le to[illegible]rning [illegible] Ellen [illegible]rhen

"WILL YOU TAKE IT BACK?"

Jim approached her; there was a heavy frown on Bennett Henry's face as the two left the parlors together, but Josephine's face was serene as she took her uncle's arm and they walked home together.

In her own room the girl combed out her hair in luxurious ease. Only a year ago Ellen Beck had loved Jim Ashdown. Josephine had reason to know that, and she believed that love had not grown cold. If she could open her uncle's eyes to the fact the victory would be hers. She laid down her comb and looked at herself in the mirror with a satisfied smile. It was only when she glanced below the glass at the portrait of her mother that her conscience was uneasy. Her mother was the one being on earth whom Josephine feared and revered, and it was with a feeling of relief that she reflected that the case of Bennett Henry versus Josephine Henry would be quietly decided before her mother's return.

In the morning Jim Ashdown called. Josephine received him on the broad front piazza, vine sheltered and perfumed with the scent of delicately tinted, overhanging apple blossoms. Jim had brought his horses.

"The day is too beautiful to stay indoors," he cried presently. "Come out for a drive, Jo."

Josephine shook her head languidly. She wore a long morning dress and reclined lazily in the hammock, a novel lying on its face beside her. She yawned. "I can't today, Jim. To tell the truth, I'm lazy. It got pretty hot down in New York before I left, and this piazza never seemed so cool and pleasant before." Josephine yawned again and clasped her hands beneath her head. "I'm too lazy even to go out on an errand this afternoon, but I must unless"—she looked around in sudden animation—"you will be good enough to do it for me."

"If it's anything I can do"— began Jim awkwardly.

"It's the simplest thing to do in the world," the girl interrupted. "It's not to match dress goods or buy ribbons or anything of the kind. Mamma left a book here to be returned, a borrowed book. Will you take it back?"

"Certainly," returned Jim, fingering his hat. "Where does it go?"

"Away up to Ellen Beck's—such a long walk," added Josephine. "I tell you I am lazy."

A few moments later Josephine occupied the piazza alone.

Her uncle appeared at the corner of the house. "Jim," he cried and then stopped abruptly. "I thought Ashdown was here."

"He was, but he has gone. He went up to Ellen Beck's," Josephine answered from behind her book, and Bennett Henry turned and strode away without a word.

That day was but the beginning. With great persistence, but with consummate tact and skill, Josephine monopolized her uncle's time and threw Jim Ashdown and Ellen Beck together. With secret exultation she watched Ellen's eyes kindle and her cheek flush whenever Jim approached. With equal skill she warded off all attempts on her uncle's part—and they were many—to approach the subject of either Jim or Ellen.

Her task was a peculiarly galling one to Josephine on account of its publicity as well as its difficulty. She was aware that the Alldale population was viewing her with marked interest.

It was one afternoon when the July heat and people's curiosity, combined with the fear of ultimate failure, had got badly on her nerves that she met Mrs. Brown.

As has been hinted before, Josephine was not the warm admirer of Mrs. Brown that her mother was. Mrs. Brown assumed a right to pry into Josephine's affairs, which that young lady resented; hence when they met that afternoon Mrs. Brown calmly walked in where the other angels of Alldale feared to tread. She stopped and asked coolly:

"Well, Josie, how do you like your uncle's choice?"

Josephine's eyes blazed. Her cheeks flushed. She spoke with a peculiar icy deliberation which always characterized her tones when she lost her self possession. "My uncle's choice! If he knew her as well as I do he would see in her only defects to be endured where he now sees virtues!"

"Josie Henry!" cried Mrs. Brown indignantly. "Shame on you for speaking like that!" And she shook one of Josephine's arms vigorously.

"I know," continued Josephine, with a sneer, "that she is a favorite of yours, but then you do not know her as well as I do. Good afternoon."

Ten minutes later, sitting in her room with hot cheeks and cold hands, she would have given weeks of her life to unsay those hasty, biting words. They would be repeated. If they should reach her uncle— Josephine set her teeth. If they reached her mother— The girl gave a quick gasp. That thought stung.

Her first fear was realized within a few days. She had not dreamed that her jovial uncle could look at her with such angry eyes. She had not imagined that he could intrench himself behind so high a barrier that she could not scale it, and Josephine trembled before his overwhelming flood of silent displeasure and scorn. Things were in this unexpected state when she received a letter from her mother, bearing the unwelcome news of her home coming.

When Josephine read this she went up to her room, lay down and turned her face to the wall.

Jane put her head in at the door. "Ellen Beck is downstairs, Miss Josephine. She wants to see you very particularly."

"Send her up," replied Josephine, dully wondering what Ellen Beck, of all people, should want of her.

When her caller entered she found the shades drawn and Josephine on the couch with a handkerchief, wet in camphor, held to her head. Ellen hesitated. "I am sorry your head aches," she said, with the uncertain air of one who does not know quite what to do. "Perhaps I'd better go away and come some other day, only"—

There was something in her manner which startled Josephine. "No, no," she exclaimed sharply. "Why should you go away? My headache is not severe, but I am coaxing it into good humor before mamma comes tonight."

"Is your mother coming tonight?"

"Yes."

Ellen looked down a moment, playing with her handkerchief, and Josephine felt her heart give a leap which sent the blood crashing through her temples, for on the third finger of the other's left hand shone a diamond held by a slender circlet of gold.

Suddenly Ellen looked up. She spoke in hesitating, gentle tones. "I have come on a most delicate mission, Josephine, but I have not come voluntarily. Mr. Henry requested it as a favor to himself, and I cannot refuse his requests."

Josephine sat motionless, waiting, but her heart gave another suffocating leap.

"He has asked me to come to you with—what people are talking about and—what you"— Ellen paused confused.

Instantly Josephine's pride was in arms. To be humiliated, and by Ellen Beck, was indeed a new experience. Her tone was bitingly sarcastic as she said swiftly, "My uncle could have chosen a more welcome messenger."

Ellen's face showed no resentment. Instead an expression of pity stole over it as she glanced at her hostess. Her cheeks were flushed; Josephine's were white.

"I told him the same thing," she continued, "but he persisted in the request, and I came."

"Suppose," said Josephine icily, "that you leave my uncle out of the question and tell me the object of your mission."

Ellen raised her head with a dignity which became her fair, earnest face. "I will," she replied in a spirited tone. "Your uncle wished to be relieved of the painful necessity of telling you that he considered your attitude toward your mother cruelly unjust and that your accusations against her are arousing great indignation in the town"—

"My accusations!" interrupted Josephine. She sat up, gasping. Her white face flamed. "Are you insane, Ellen Beck? I think my mother is the noblest woman in the world!"

"So do we," continued Ellen quietly.

"Who has been telling contemptible lies about me?" demanded Josephine hotly.

"No one," said Ellen promptly. "You yourself have said the most contemptible thing that has been uttered, and you said it plainly to Mrs. Brown."

Josephine gave a cry and fell back among her pillows. Anger and utter bewilderment played over her face. Finally she burst out, "The remarks which I made to Mrs. Brown were made concerning—you!"

There was a pause. A light leaped into Ellen's eyes, and her tone thrilled with suppressed feeling as she said, "The remarks were aimed at your uncle's fiancee, who, as the whole town knows, is your mother."

"My mother!" The room swam before Josephine's wide eyes. A thousand incidents which she had misinterpreted adjusted themselves now. Her uncle's resentment when he had seen Jim with Ellen had been for his niece then, not for himself. Alldale's curiosity, Ellen's pity, her [illegible] solicitation of her uncle's confidence— Josephine groaned aloud and covered [illegible] face with her hands.

Ellen arose. Words seemed to strangle her. "I understand you, Josephine Henry, at last. Your uncle has aided me this summer in a financial matter which has necessitated frequent calls. I understand many things which have been puzzling to me before. Goodby."

Josephine glanced up. Ellen had opened the door. A gleam of sunlight from the hall window struck the third finger of her left hand. Then the door closed and left Josephine alone with her thoughts.

The Word "Capsize."

Etymologists are driven to pure conjecture to explain the origin of the word "capsize." One of them suspects that it comes from the Spanish language, as so many sailors' words do, and may be connected with "cabecear," to nod the head in sleep or to pitch as a ship, and with "capuzar un barel," to sink a ship by the head—"cabeza" meaning head. Another guess—based on the fact that "capsize" is an English dialect word for moving a hogshead by turning it over alternately on to its two heads—is that the word is simply "cap," a head, and "seize."

Kept Up the Wailing.

In Abyssinia it was once the habit of complainants to stand before the door of the king's palace, loudly appealing to his majesty for help. "So accustomed is the king," wrote one traveler, "to these querulous tones of sorrow that when the rains prevent such as are really distressed from repairing to the capital a set of vagrants is provided whose object it is to raise the cry of artificial sorrow lest he should feel a lonely quietness."

CURIOUS LAND LAW.

Owners in Belgium Do Not Control Beyond a Certain Depth.

One of the curious phases of the land law in Belgium is that the earth of a landowner beyond a certain depth does not belong to him. Should the owner of the surface discover a coal or gold deposit underlying his property he must first obtain a government concession before he can begin mining operations. The land beyond the prescribed depth in which wealth in the raw has been discovered may be conceded to a person other than the surface owner, who may operate under certain government regulations, one of which is that the owner of the surface is entitled to 3 per cent of the value extracted.

The mine pays to the government an amount determined by the value and importance of the concession, after which it must pay to the government a sum proportioned to the value of the total extraction. The government names the conditions under which the mines as well as other industrial establishments shall be operated and protects and safeguards the health and lives of the workmen as well as provides for the public safety.

The minister of industry and labor appoints a state board of mining engineers, authorized to regulate the working of all mines and all establishments considered dangerous or insanitary, whether shaft or open mines, quarries, factories, coke oven plants or briquette works.—Boston Globe.

A ZULU LEGEND.

Odd Story of the Origin of This Savage People.

The Zulus account for their origin, says a correspondent of the Country Gentleman (English), by a story of a talking elephant who fed upon children. He met a woman laden with an ax and bundle of fagots, accompanied by her child. Seeing the elephant, she guessed his intention and pleaded, "Spare my child, oh, elephant!" The elephant refused. "Then," said the mother, "if this evil must happen swallow me, too, oh, elephant!" So the elephant swallowed mother and child, and they found themselves with all the other children who were eaten previously. By and by the child grew hungry, and the mother lit a fire with her fagots. She then with her ax cut away the elephant's flesh, cooked it, and they all ate. As the fire burned, its great heat filled the elephant with pain, and he ran and ran and ran till they felt the thunder of his hoofs racing over hill and valley. At length, exhausted, he dropped down dead. Using her ax, the mother chopped and chopped until she made an opening in the elephant's side. After this they crept out and became a new nation in a new country.

Bees as Ventilators.

It is not generally known, but most beekeepers will inform you that such is the case, that each beehive has a corps of what could properly be termed "ventilating bees." During the hot seasons these ventilators station themselves at the entrance of the hive and fan the interior with the incessant motion of their wings. These ventilating corps are usually in relays of from four to a half dozen, and they are relieved at short intervals by fresh workers who keep up the fanning process. They are kept at work by a sort of patrol of bees, which insures incessant activity on the part of the fanners during the time they are at work. This story may sound strange to those who know but little concerning the wonderful intelligence of bees, but it is a scientific fact that has often been authenticated.

Diet and Sickness.

It is a broad rule that boiled milk and puddings made with milk agree more frequently than anything to restore a sick person. When beginning to restore a sick person to more ordinary diet begin with white fish, boiled. Plaice or sole boiled in milk is excellent. Never give potatoes when the digestion is bad. In place of bread give toast. Often there is a craving for acids. In such cases give lemon juice diluted with water and sweetened with sugar when allowable or with saccharin in diabetes. A craving for green stuffs should always be satisfied. Nature herself is crying out. Give watercress, but withhold radishes, as they are difficult to digest.

The Fishing Fleets.

In many localities off the Scotch coasts and the coasts of Norway the fishing grounds lie at some distance from the shore and the start must be made with the ebb tide, sometimes in the middle of the night. All the boats of a single locality generally start together, and to one unaccustomed to the sight the spectacle of 200 to 300 fishing boats putting off from a harbor like Yarmouth is a sight never to be forgotten.—London Graphic.

Bonus.

"Bonus" ought to be "bonum," since it is evidently intended to mean "a good thing" and therefore should be neuter, not masculine. The word is found as early as 1773, but no one knows who was the ignorant or willful sinner against Latin that introduced it, though conjecture assigns it to the London Stock Exchange.

Made Him Tired.

Affectionate Wife—George, dear, sit down and rest in your elegant new chair. Worried Husband—How can I rest in that chair, Emily, when I know that the man is likely to come in at any moment to collect an installment on it?—Chicago Tribune.

"Young married people," says a Chinese proverb, "should have their house built round so discontent can find no corner in it."

Suggestive.

"Gee whiz!" said George for the twentieth time. "It makes me mad every time I think of the $10 I lost today. I actually feel as if I'd like to have somebody kick me."

"By the way, George," said the dear girl dreamily, "don't you think you'd better speak to father this evening?"—Philadelphia Press.

KEEP THE LIVER CLEAN.

Don't Overwork It and Give It a Rest Once In Awhile.

A man of common sense and a doctor at that said: "The liver is misunderstood and underestimated in its functions. If it can be kept clean and active there is no reason why we should ever be ill a day, and we should live to be 150 or 200 years old. It is not necessary to rip this organ all to pieces with ten grains of calomel to get it stirred up. The best thing to do is to shut off your food supply for two or three days, drop your whisky and claret, your tea and coffee, and give your liver a chance to rest. This should be done once a month."

It is well known, of course, that in olden times the liver was supposed to be the seat of the affections. Friends when they met in the morning did not salute each other with "How's your health?" but with "How's your liver?" Men take horseback exercise principally for their livers. A good shaking up every morning drives away the cirrhotibiliary encroachment. It is an error to assume that whisky alone produces cirrhosis. Overfeeding is more often the cause. If the digestive organs would organize a union and work only eight hours a day all of us would be healthy and long lived. The trouble is we require the liver, stomach, bowels, heart, brain, muscles, nerves, kidneys, spleen, etc., to work all the time and overtime. Wrong. Give them a rest.—New York Press.

MINING FOR RUBIES.

The Primitive Methods That Are Still In Use In Burma.

The system practiced for obtaining rubies in the mining districts in Burma is of the most primitive description, says the Searchlight. The mining shafts are simply holes about two feet square sunk to a depth varying up to fifty or sixty feet. The shoring up of the walls of the shaft is most crude, the sides being supported by posts at the corners and branches of small trees secured carefully against the sides by means of stout sticks.

The miner carries a tin pot similar in shape to a blunt edged cone on his head. He squats down in one corner and digs between his knees in the opposite corner. The earth, or byon, as the ruby bearing earth is called, is conveyed to the top as fast as it is excavated in small buckets let down from above.

The apparatus for raising and lowering the buckets is simple in the extreme. A stout bamboo post about twenty feet high, called a mamaudine, is fixed upright in the ground at a convenient distance from the pit, or dwin, and a long, thinner bamboo pivoted horizontally into the upper end of it so as to project an eighth from the mine and the long arm toward the mine.

Telling Age and Sex by Pulse.

"The female pulse always beats faster than the male," said a physician, "and from birth to death the pulse speed steadily decreases. I have no doubt that by the pulse alone I could tell readily a healthy person's age and sex. Babes at birth have a pulse that beats 160 times a minute in the case of girls and 150 times a minute in the case of boys. At the age of four or five the pulse beats will have fallen respectively to 110 and 100. Maidens' and youths' pulses average ninety-five and ninety; mature women's and men's average eighty and seventy-five; elderly women's and men's average sixty and fifty. An old woman's pulse rarely if ever sinks below fifty, but among old men a pulse under fifty is fairly common."

A Cask's Capacity.

Should you wish to get the capacity of a cask you can do so in the following manner: Take the measurements from the bunghole to the bottom of each end of the cask in inches. Average the two measurements. Multiply this figure by itself twice. Then multiply the product by .002200, and the remainder is the number of gallons. Example: 31 inches, 29 inches (average 30 inches). 30×30×30=27,000, which, multiplied by .002200, = 61.182. The contents, therefore, are 61 gallons and a fraction.

Modest Greatness.

One day a letter was received at the postoffice in Paris bearing the following inscription: "To the Greatest French Poet." The letter carrier was instructed to deliver it to Victor Hugo, who refused to receive it and sent it to Lamartine. This genius also declined to accept the letter and passed it on to Alfred De Musset. The latter, equally modest, re-sent it to Victor Hugo, who finally accepted it. The letter had reached its destination.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Wasp's Nest.

One kind of wasp found in Brazil and Guiana makes its nest of a brilliant white pasteboard, suspending it from the highest branches of the trees so as to escape the attention of the monkeys, which in those regions have a troublesome habit of investigating everything, even a hornet's nest.

Shortening the Visit.

"It is a great comfort to have a child about the house," said the man of domestic tastes.

"Yes," answered the unfeeling wretch, "when company comes that you don't care for you can make the child recite."

Her Possessions.

"I have two lovely little puppies," said Mrs. Tawkley.

"I have met your husband," replied the man. "Who is the other one?"—Judge.

Gain not base gains; base gains are the same as losses.—Hesiod.

Modern Cannon.

In modern high velocity cannon the pressure of the gases at the moment of firing generates tremendous heat. It is estimated that this heat runs as high as 8,000 degrees and even 9,000 degrees. The white hot gases eat away the steel lining of the guns in much the same way as streams of boiling water eat away a block of ice.

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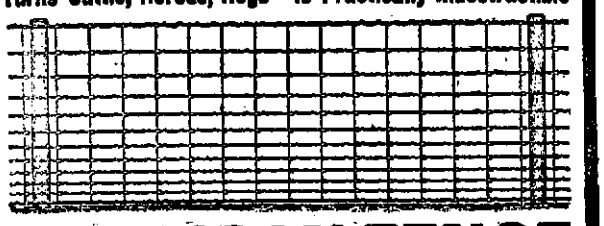

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 16, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—"Old Home Week" in St. Marys this week is reported to be a great success.

—Graduates of the Edinboro State Normal School are in demand as teachers. John F. Bigler, Principal.

—"Honest Dan," owned by R. W. Hilton of this place, won the 2:17 pace at Corry last Friday in three straight heats. Best time 2:15¼. He will race at Bradford tomorrow in the 2:17 class.

—People take newspapers nowadays, read them and then throw them away. They never think what a source of pleasure and profit or reminiscence and thought a file, or even a few numbers of such a paper would be to them twenty or thirty years afterwards. Pay for your papers and then keep them.

—The MacGowan tourist party has returned from a very successful tour of twelve thousand miles including Yellowstone Park, Central Alaska and the Canadian Rockies. All report a most enjoyable trip, replete with scenic wonders, solid comfort and astonishing surprises. Prof. MacGowan has already been solicited to take a party over the same route next year.

—Last spring a considerable number of quail, supplied by the State, were brought to McKean county in order that they might make their future haunts in the woods, hereabouts and propagate their kind to such an extent that some day there would be good quail hunting opportunities in this section. But the time has not yet arrived for starting the sport of killing the birds and all hunters are especially requested to refrain this season from shooting any quail which they may find in their gunning expeditions.—Bradford Era.

—A few days ago the Republican published an item relative to the swindling exploits of a young woman at Oil City, whereby she came out about $40 ahead of the game. She struck Kane the forepart of the week and as result several of our merchants have bogus checks on their hands. It is a clever swindle, but it is passing strange that merchants will cash checks for entire strangers, when they have been warned so many times. The woman will turn up in some nearby town and probably other victims will be found.—Kane Republican.

Alabama's State Flag.

Over the historic capitol at Montgomery waves not the national flag, but the Alabama flag, and not one Alabamian in a thousand would recognize it if he saw it elsewhere than on the capitol. The flag in question has no history woven into it, for it was not adopted until 1895. It presents a St. Andrew's cross in crimson on a white field. Such a cross is shaped like a letter X and the books suggest that the apostle Andrew died on a cross of that design. Few if any other states include in flags of their own. A flag is the symbol of sovereignty, and state sovereignty is limited by the federal constitution. When we were a part of Georgia we resorted to the federal government the executive power of punishing treason, and if any one becomes a traitor to the Alabama flag we might have to call in the federal government in order to punish him.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Tongues of the Balkans.

Too many languages are spoken in the Balkans. A traveler in that region writes of the babel: "Turkish, Bulgarian, Serbo-Croatian, Roumanian, Armenian, Greek, Albanian, Kulzo-Wallachian, Chingeni, the language of the gypsies; Spaniole, the language of the Jews of Spanish or Portuguese descent, and the language spoken by the German, Austrian, Roumanian and Russian Jews. Add to this Arabic, Persian and Syrian, largely spoken in Constantinople; Italian, on the northeast coast of the Adria; Russian, in the northeastern parts of Roumania; various Austro-Hungarian idioms spoken in Bosnia and Herzegovina and the Caucasian languages of the Circassians and Georgians." Not one of these languages is of common use.

The Lone Star of Texas.

The origin of the Lone Star flag of the republic of Texas is not entirely clear. The claim has been made that it was intended in the present territory of Louisiana in 1810, but other searchers cannot find earlier trace of it than the presentation of such a banner to the company of Captain Andrew Robinson in May, 1835. Still another claim is made for a flag unfurled at Velasco Jan. 8, 1836, and said to have been made by a Miss Troutman of Nashville, Ga. One story has it that the star came from the fact that Governor Smith, for lack of a seal, used a brass button from his coat which bore a five pointed star.—St. Louis Republic.

The Cure.

Anxious Parent—Doctor, my daughter appears to be going blind, and she is about to be married. Doctor—Let her go right on with the wedding. If anything can open her eyes, marriage will.

Brought to Book at Last.

Tibbie was a Scotch lass, hardworking and comely. She ruled over a grateful and suppressed family of New Englanders for eight years, and then announced her intention of marrying within six weeks.

"I suppose it is Rab whom you mean to marry, Tibbie?" asked her nominal mistress, referring to a tall, mild faced young Scotchman who had spent more or less time in Tibbie's spotless kitchen for the last three years.

"It is," announced Tibbie calmly. "Here he's been coming and sitting wi' me all these times and never a word o' marrying. So at long last I said to him, 'If you've no mind to tak me, Rab, ye can jist say so, and I'll spend nae more on bright ribbons to sit up wi' ye, but I'll tak' my money to buy one of those talking machines that plays tunes, after I've paid for a strip o' new oilcloth to cover the floor where you've worn out the old one, and then I'll tak' my releegious books and settle down in quiet.'

"Rabbie was so concerned at my brear prospects and the thoughts o' my savings he said he would ha'e me whenever I got ready."

Shooting Down the Alps on Skees.

The quest for a moral is provoked by a long list of skeeing accidents in the Alps. In itself the exercise can hardly be considered more perilous than skating, though the proportion of sprained ankles and twisted tendons is higher, but when the skeer skees a distance from his base and ventures upon unfamiliar ground there are at least three ways in which calamity is liable to befall him. On a glacier he may break through the snow bridge which he is trying to shoot and be buried in a crevasse. On the hillside he may skee violently down a steep place and, unable to arrest his pace, end by skeeing over a precipice. Almost anywhere, unless he knows the signs, he may skee in the tracks of an avalanche and be overwhelmed. Examples of each of these several kinds of disaster have lately been presented, and each of the disasters conveys a warning of which amateur skeers, whose name nowadays is legion, would do well to take a careful note.—London Graphic.

Sufficiently Identified.

She walked into a branch bank on upper Broadway and pushed a check from in the paying teller's window.

"You will have to be identified," said he, "I don't know you, madam."

"You don't, eh?" said the woman, with fire in her eye. "Aren't you the father of the Smith family that has a lot in Cypress Hill cemetery?"

"Why, I—"

"Well, I am the red headed janitress that your wife's always complaining about. When you left home this morning I heard you say: 'Emily, if our children get a fight with that old fury in the basement don't quarrel with her. Wait till I get home and let me talk with her.' Now, if you think you can get the best of an argument with"—

"Here's your money, madam," said the paying teller. And she took it and went.—Everybody's Magazine.

Where Lincoln Put the Whetstone.

A soldier at whose house when a boy Lincoln paused in his tramps in Illinois and who lent him a whetstone to sharpen his jackknife met him during the war in Washington. Lincoln remembered the incident and spoke of the use of the whetstone.

"Ya-a-s," drawled out the old soldier, "whatever did you do with the whetstone? I never could find it. We 'lowed mebbe you took it along with you." "No, no! I put it on top of the gatepost—that high one." "Mebbe you did. Nobody else could have reached it, and none of us ever thought to look there for it." There it was found where it was placed fifteen years before. The soldier reported the fact to the president.

Pike's Peak In Summer.

The first part of the road to Pike's peak is through a picturesque ravine with a beautiful mountain torrent roaring and leaping through it. This ravine is a popular walk, and one sees many climbers who shoot their kodaks as the train passes, until one knows exactly how it feels to be a celebrity. As one goes on the climbers become gradually fewer, and after three or four miles they are left behind. Suddenly a new turn in the road shows that the first foothills have been surmounted and that we are climbing the vast bare side of the peak itself. The track stretches toboggan-like far ahead. Great views unfold. One looks down on lonely wooded valleys, where blue lakes glisten, on the tops of the mountains and over mountains to the plain that stretches away like the sea. It has grown cold, and patches of snow begin to appear. The date is Aug. 1, but in the snow heaps on the summit we shall soon be snowballing one another.—Four Track News.

The Solution.

The bankruptcy court can boast some delightfully naive rejoinders. "How, sir, is it possible," angrily demanded the opposing counsel of the bankrupt, "to live in the luxurious style you have affected on $200 a year?" The witness replied, with an air of justifiable pride, that that was a problem to which he had devoted considerable time in the interests of social economy, and the results of his humble efforts were now before the court.

Cathedral's Title Chain.

There is one thing in particular in St. Patrick's cathedral in New York that you cannot see in any other building in the city, if indeed in the country. It is a framed sheet of paper hanging on the wall of the sacristy entrance that contains the complete chain of title of the property on which the edifice stands from the time it was first sold until the church authorities bought it. The only reason for its being there so far as any one knows is to put a stop to the old story that the property was originally purchased by the church for a dollar. To settle this point the chain of title shows how much was paid for it in the beginning, and from that point on each change of ownership is accompanied by the price it was sold for.

Eccentric John Underwood.

John Underwood, who died at Whittlesea, England, in 1733, left some odd instructions for his burial. His fortune of 40,000 went to his sister, provided that no bell was tolled at his grave, no relative followed his coffin and various other arrangements were carried out. Six men only were invited and requested not to come in "black," who received 10 guineas each for their services. Service over, an arch was raised over the green painted coffin, with "Non Omnis Moriar, 1733," inscribed on white marble. The six men sang the last stanza of the Twentieth ode of the second book of Horace. The deceased, who had been coffined fully dressed, had under his head Sanadow's "Horace," at his feet Bentley's "Milton," in his right hand a Greek Testament and in his left hand a small "Horace." The six on repairing to his house to a cold repast had to sing the Thirty-first ode and drink a cheerful glass before retiring at 8 p. m. This done, directed the will, "Think no more of John Underwood."

The Sistine Chapel, Rome.

The chapel is a beautiful place in itself by its simple and noble proportions as well as by the wonderful architectural decorations of the ceiling, conceived by Michael Angelo as a series of frames for his paintings. Beautiful beyond description, too, is the exquisite marble screen. No one can say certainly who made it. It was perhaps designed by the architect of the chapel himself, Baccio Pontelli. There are a few such marvels of unknown hands in the world, and a sort of romance clings to them with an element of mystery that stirs the imagination in a dreamy way far more than the gilded oak tree in the arms of Sixtus IV. by which the name of Rovere is symbolized. Sixtus commanded, and the chapel was built. But who knows where Baccio Pontelli lies? Or who shall find the grave where the hand that carved the lovely marble screen is laid at rest?

Eased His Conscience.

"I have examined our public subscription boxes for years," said an officer of a charitable organization, "and in them I have found many queer things. The very queerest, though, was last year. On opening a box in a New York railway station I found the gold settings of a necklace, a stomacher, a pair of earrings and five rings. They were magnificent settings, worth a deal of money. I could not help wondering what the stones, which had been roughly torn out of them, were like. These jewels, of course, had been stolen. The settings were now given to charity by the thief. The stones themselves would be recut and sold. Around this gift was a note, which said:

"'Sell for the sick. My conscience goes as far as this.'"

She Knew "Hamlet."

Every one has a point of view, as a serious minded young Englishwoman found out when she propounded to some working girls a scheme for Shakespeare readings. "Hamlet" was to be the first topic, and she dealt out to the girls some copies and awaited comments. The first came from a girl belonging to that immense army of bookfolders so familiar to all frequenters of working girls' clubs. "Oh, I know this well," she said in a superior tone. "Really?" said the gratified teacher. "Is it your favorite play?" The girl looked at her pityingly. "Lor', I ain't read it!" she chuckled. "We stock 'em at our place. I've 'ad 'undreds through my 'ands. 'Aralet? Sick to death of 'im!"

Highest Observatory In the World.

The highest scientific station in the world belongs to Harvard. It stands on the summit of Mount Misti, an extinct volcano near Arequipa, in southern Peru. The altitude of this station is 19,300 feet. No one lives at the station. No one could live there. The air is too rare and too cold. The barometer on the top of Misti often stands at fourteen inches. The thermometer often falls to 25 degrees below zero. Once a month an observer climbs up to the station to take the readings of the instruments. He is two days climbing up and two days climbing down.

Another Story.

An aged Scotch minister, about to marry for the fourth time, was explaining his reason to an elder. "You see, I am an old man now, and I canna expect to be here verra long. When the end comes I wad like to have some one to close my eyes." The elder nodded and said, "Aweel, meenister, I have had twa wives, and baith of them opened mine."—London News.

One Valuable Asset.

"What's the matter with the man in the second story of this house? The doctor's been coming here regularly for the past three months."

"Oh, he's the doctor's best patient. He doesn't get well and he doesn't die!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Logic In Rags.

"I fine you $15 for being a vagrant," said the judge. "Have you the money to pay the fine?"

"Your honor," said the man plaintively, "if I had $15 I wouldn't be fined as a vagrant."

Kept His Word.

"He swore!" he cried in a voice surcharged with anguish. "If I should refuse me I shall die!"

But the heartless girl [illegible]. That was sixty years ago. Yesterday he died.

A Pretty Picture.

"Is she very lovely?"

"Ah! I can give you no idea how very lovely except that it is between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000."

Equally Ignorant.

The author of "Reminiscences of a Country Politician" once asked a laborer in an English village how old he was.

"I be just the same age as the queen," he said. "It be either a fortnight older or a fortnight younger. I don't rightly know which, and I don't suppose her knows either."

Why He Wanted a Pass.

When Jim Fisk was in his glory as a railroad magnate one day he was greatly annoyed by people asking for passes over his road for all sorts of reasons. He was well worked up when a seedy looking individual asked for a pass and asked sharply, "On what grounds do you ask for a pass?"

The applicant replied, "Because I do not want to pay my fare."

Fisk called a clerk and said to him: "Give this man a pass to anywhere and return. He is the first man that has told the truth today."—Boston Herald.

A Couple of Bulls.

On the edge of a small river in County Carnan, Ireland, is a stone with this inscription: "When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." But this is even surpassed by the famous post erected some years ago by the surveyors of the Kent (England) roads: "This is the bridle path to Faversham. If you can't read this you had better keep to the main road."

Natural Fitness.

"My friend," said the man who was getting out of the barber's chair with a slashed cheek, "you have enlightened my mind on a point that has hitherto been a mystery."

"What is that, sir?"

"For the first time I understand why in former times the village barber was also expected to be the town surgeon."—Washington Star.

STRANGE ADVICE!

Dr. G. G. Green gives alert personal attention to his great humanitarian contract.

¶In our Almanac for many years past we have given unusual advice to those afflicted with coughs, colds, throat or lung troubles or consumption. We have told them if they did not receive any special benefit after the use of one 75-cent size bottle of German Syrup, to consult their doctor. ¶We did not ask them or urge them to use a large number of bottles, as is the case in the advertising of many other remedies. Our confidence in German Syrup makes it possible for us to give such advice. ¶We know by the experience of over 35 years that one 75-cent bottle of German Syrup will speedily relieve or cure the worst coughs, colds, bronchial or lung troubles—and that, even in bad cases of consumption, one large bottle of German Syrup will work wonders. ¶New trial bottles, 25c.; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

Choosing a Helpmate

is a serious business always. And the man's in luck who wins the girl who not only appreciates bric-a-brac but also the value of good

PLUMBING

The up-to-date plumbing of to day entirely in sight where possible and always sanitary in pipes, traps, etc., is within reach when you leave it to an expert plumber such as you'll find at your service at our address. ¶ Estimates on new and old work.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS.

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

WE CARRY

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & ASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per an num.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 16, 1906.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For Governor,
EDWIN E. STUART
of Philadelphia.

For Lieut. Governor,
ROBT. S. MURPHY
of Cambria county.

For Auditor General,
ROBERT K. YOUNG,

For Sec'y Internal Affairs,
HENRY HOUCK,
of Lebanon.

21st DISTRICT.

For Congress
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Cameron county.

COUNTY.

For Members of Assembly,
JAS. A. McKEAN
of Smethport.
C. V. MERRICK,
of Bradford.

For Jury Commissioner,
A. M. MARSH.
of Bradford.

THE Pennsylvania editors have returned from their Canadian trip and report a most enjoyable time.

THE fortieth encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic is in session at Minneapolis this week.

GOV. PENNYPACKER narrowly escaped being arrested at Norristown Sunday evening. He had just returned from New York and, while waiting for a trolly car, sat down on the steps of a bank. A cop came along and started to arrest him for a corner loafer, but released him when his identity was made known.

ONE of his advance agents tells the country that when Bryan talks at that projected "reception" in New York, he will say among other things that "the money issue is eliminated." This is a flat confession that as a prophet he has been proved to be a dismal failure. But apparently he needs to be again convinced that the people are ready to "eliminate" him.

WHAT is said to be the first instance of the conviction of a lyncher in the history of that State, was furnished Friday when George Hall, a white, ex-convict of Montgomery county, North Carolina, who was one of the party that Monday night lynched three negroes in jail at Salisbury for the murder of the Lyerly family, was found guilty of conspiracy in connection with that crime and sentenced to 15 years in the penitentiary.

SOME of our county exchanges in referring to the new personal registration law make it appear that every voter in the State and county will have to go to their respective polling places and register personally in order to vote at the November election. Such is not the case. This law only applies to cities of the first, second and third class and therefore only applies to Bradford city in this county. In all other places the registration will be the same as in the past.

FOR the fourth time, the Congressional Conferees of the Fifteenth District have made Elias Deemer the candidate for representative in the National Legislature on the Republican ticket. All four counties were represented at the conference at Williamsport yesterday and the choice was unanimous. F. E. Baldwin, Barton Brown and W. K. Swetland were the conferees from Potter. Mr. Deemer accepted the nomination with an appropriate address.—Potter Journal.

C. V. MERRICK of Congress street, suffered a slight stroke of paralysis and was also overcome by the heat at Robinson, Ill., last Thursday. He was brought to his home in this city Saturday morning. He was accompanied home by Robert Roy. Mr. Merrick is getting along nicely and it is believed that he will be able to be up within a few days.—Bradford Star of Monday. Mr. Merrick is one of the Republican candidates for Member of Assembly. It was reported here on Tuesday that Mr. Merrick was worse again but it is hoped that the report is untrue.

RURAL free delivery carriers are rejoicing over the prospect of an annual vacation of 15 days, with pay, which is provided for by a bill passed by congress, and now awaiting the signature of President Roosevelt to make it effective. The bill puts the rural carriers on an equal footing with city mail carriers in the matter of vacation. Its passage was promoted by earnest representations to the postmaster general by the officers of the National Rural Letter Carrier's Association. The work of the carriers is laborious and their pay is small, when it is considered that their position requires the keeping of one or two horses. The granting to them of a vacation with pay will meet with popular approval.

LATE reports are to the effect that Mr. C. V. Merrick is in a serious condition and that he will be compelled to withdraw from the ticket as a candidate for Member of Assembly. This will necessitate the Republican county committee naming a man to fill the vacancy. Maj. A. D. Burns, Editor R. P. Habgood, and Capt. Lester H. Simons, all of Bradford, have been mentioned as his successor. In the event of Mr. Merrick's withdrawal and the nomination of one of the above named gentlemen to fill the vacancy, it is more than probable that the Lincoln Party will endorse Chauncy W. Sharp, the Democratic candidate, on the condition that Tom M. McClellan, the other Democratic candidate withdraws. This would leave a three cornered fight and big chances of a hot contest.

ALTHOUGH taking the position that the killing of the five Japanese poachers within the territorial limits of the United States in Alaska was justified, this government in all probability will extend to Japan its regrets for the fatal clash between the native lookouts of the North American Commercial company and the Japanese raiders. This statement was made by Acting Secretary of State Bacon. Meantime the district attorney for Alaska is making preparations for the speedy trial of the 12 Japanese who were taken prisoners. The prompt action of this government in notifying Ambassador Wright at Tokio of the facts as reported by Solicitor Sims of the Department of Commerce and Labor was designed to give to Japan information first hand of the occurrence. After a careful investigation by the Japanese charge here, the conclusion was reached that the case was one involving no international incident.

THAT the Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., Lincoln Party and Democratic candidate for Governor, is a pretty hard dose for the out and out Democrat to swallow was very apparent here on Tuesday and if he gets anything like the solid Democratic vote of the county some very strong missionary work will have to be done. There is a soreness rankling in the breasts of many Democrats that cannot be concealed and it not only popped out in many places on the streets, but it cropped out in the convention more than once. In his speech of acceptance as a candidate for Representative, Chauncey W. Sharp hinted pretty pointedly that the Democrats were not getting a square deal at the hands of Mr. Emery and the Lincoln Party and hinted that they should not expect too much from the Democrats unless the square deal was forthcoming. Again this feeling was apparent when a motion was made to give the county committee power to make an effort to arrange fusion with the Lincoln Party on the Legislative tickets and the motion as first put was lost. But later it was carried after being re-worded so as not to be so humiliating to the much abused Democrats.

WHEN the subscriptions are all paid in to the Hose Company on account of the firemen's convention and the bills all paid there will be a balance in the treasury of about $200. What shall be done with this balance is being quite freely discussed at present. In our opinion this money could be used to the best advantage by purchasing a lighter hose cart to be used instead of the large one now in use. The Hose Company has one small cart but it is not large enough to carry sufficient hose for most fires, but with another cart, perhaps a trifle larger, enough hose could be carried without using that heavy, cumbersome affair which now has to be used and causes so much delay in reaching fires when a team is not handy. With the apparatus we now have it is almost impossible to make any speed getting to fires especially when the roads are bad. If they had another small cart the runs could be made on the sidewalks in bad weather and much better time would be made at all times. Most of the people who donated for the convention are directly interested in better fire protection and this disposition of the surplus, which was made by the lack of entries in the races and prize drill, would undoubtedly please them.

BROOKLYN RAPID TRANSIT still continues its reign of violence in their efforts to collect an additional 5 cent fare to Coney Island, which Justice Gaynor declared illegal and the patrons of the road are subjected to violence and brutality, says a New York dispatch dated August 14. The police, instead of protecting the passengers from assault, are now aiding the hired bouncers of the road to collect extra fares. One girl is dead and others badly injured as a result of the assaults and ejectment from the company's cars and Coney Island is practically marooned today because the company has suspended the summer schedules in order to wring extra fares from the public. More than a thousand people were held up all last night between this city and the island on cars which the company stalled when the additional 5 cents could not be collected. Innumerable damage suits are certain. The body of Miss Fannie Rodinski, daughter of a rabbi, of Brooklyn, was found under the culvers in the route of the trestle over Coney Island creek. With her, badly injured, was Miss Edna Singer, both of whom were thrown from the car by the inspectors, notwithstanding they had paid the double fare demanded. Reports this (Thursday) morning are to the effect that the troubles have been settled, awaiting a decision of the higher courts.

A Hotbed of Violence.

The island of Sardinia is a hotbed of violence. The "Granary of Rome" resists the softening influences of civilization and remains with many of the peculiarities which distinguished it in the middle of the last century. "In the country," writes a traveler of that time, "the men are clothed in goatskins, one before and another behind, without breeches, shoes or stockings, and a woolen or skin cap on the head. The women have no other habiliments than a long woolen gown and a woolen cap. The peasants always go armed to defend themselves from one another, for they are all robbers and assassins, so that traveling in the interior is extremely unsafe without an escort, and it is even dangerous for ships to send their people on shore for water unless they are well armed. In short, the Sardes are the Malays of the Mediterranean."—London Chronicle.

An Ordinance

GIVING AND GRANTING PERMISSION TO McKEAN GAS AND OIL COMPANY TO ENTER UPON THE STREETS, ALLEYS, LANES AND HIGHWAYS OF THE BOROUGH OF SMETHPORT AND TO LAY DOWN THEIR PIPES OR CONDUITS THEREON, THEREUNDER OR THEREIN.

1. Be it enacted and ordained by the Chief Burgess and Council of the Borough of Smethport, and it is hereby enacted and ordained that the Borough of Smethport gives and grants to McKean Gas and Oil Company, its successors and assigns, the right to enter upon or lay down its pipes or conduits on any street, alley, lane or highway of the Borough of Smethport.

2. This assent is given and accepted to be used and exercised subject to such reasonable regulations as to the laying and maintaining of said line or lines as is now provided by existing ordinances or such reasonable regulations as may hereinafter be enacted or ordained by the Council of the said Borough of Smethport.

Passed this 6th day of August, A. D. 1906.

JAMES A. McKEAN,
President of Council.

Attest:
LENA HYDE,
Secretary.

Approved this 8th day of August, 1906.
EDGAR W. STRONG,
Chief Burgess.

Wanted.

Every family having poultry to establish an agency at their home and sell a vermin powder. Sells for 25c per can. Our price $1 for 10 cans. No vermin on poultry or animals can live where used. Hot weather breeds lice and disease quickly. Hens stop laying and little chicks and turkeys die from the effects of vermin. Send $1 and get started. All orders shipped promptly. A boy or girl should sell 20 cans in a few hours, daily. Get your children started selling and teach them to do business. You can order in larger quantities, if desired at 10c per can. Vermin Powder Co., Box 566, Scranton, Pa.

"Home Coming Week" at St. Marys.

On account of "Home Coming Week" celebration at St. Marys August 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, tickets will be sold from stations on P., S. & N. R. R. to St. Marys and return at rate of a fare and one-third for the round trip. For further particulars inquire of ticket agents or address Jos. T. O'Dell, Gen'l Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa.; Chas. H. Hammond, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

Cows for Sale.

Two extra good cows for sale at a reasonable price, considering stock and breeding. A bargain for anyone wanting gentle cattle that anyone can handle. For particulars inquire of

FRANK W. BACKUS,
605 E. Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

It pays to attend a good school. Westbrook Academy cannot meet the demand for its stenographers and office help.

Bell Bros. of Olean, N. Y., offer their entire stock of dry goods carpets, furniture, shoes, etc., at cost for the next 10 days.

Graduates of Westbrook Academy are in luck. They get positions as soon as qualified.

Subscribe for the MINER.

When you specify
Lucas Paint
(Tinted Gloss)
you serve your client well. The house looks better, lasts longer, adds more to your reputation. The fine quality of the paint, and the strong reputation of the firm, guarantee absolute satisfaction.
John Lucas & Co
Sixty years of paint-making
New York Philadelphia Chicago

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - $80,000.00

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to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE
under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

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DENTISTRY.
Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets an Robes is here and at th store you can always find
Just What You Want.
all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cas Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single o double, light and heavy harness.
Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

WANTED AN ENERGETIC MAN OR WOMAN TO REPRESENT US
in every town, selling our Coffees, Teas, Baking Powder, Spices and Extracts. **Large cash commissions.** Special inducements given your customers. Our salesmen are making $20.00 to $50.00 a week permanently. If you wish to get into this money making business, giving it all your time, or to handle same in connection with your other work, write to us at once. Only one representative selected in each locality. Applicants must furnish references.
R. B. ROPE, MANAGER. 601 LOUISIANA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
$10.00 from SMETHPORT to
Atlantic City, Cape May, Wildwood
Sea Isle City or Ocean City, N. J.
August 24, 1906
Tickets good going on all regular trains on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.
STOP-OVER OF TEN DAYS AT PHILADELPHIA
allowed on going trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent, or on return trip, without deposit, within limit.
TICKETS GOOD TO RETURN WITHIN FIFTEEN DAYS.
Full information of Ticket Agents.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l. Pass. Agent

Westbrook Commercial Academy
A PROGRESSIVE, RELIABLE SCHOOL.
ITS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR will open in September. Prospective students should arrange in advance for the attendance is limited. Special combined course scholarships issued thro June and July. Send for catalogue and list of graduates who have secured positions within the past year. E. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

H. S. & M. Clothing
Young's Hats
Shirts 50C Shirts 50C Shirts 50C
The Finest Line of SHIRTS With or Without Collars.
50C EACH
SEE WINDOW
Nettleton Shoes and Oxfords
Merchant Tailoring
H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

PRE-INVENTORY SALE.

On and after this date until further notice I will sell all goods in my store at a discount of 10 per cent to reduce stock; flour, sugar and butter excepted.

My stock of merchandise is complete in every particular, and this is a rare opportunity for cash buyers.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
June 25, 1906.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring,
G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR
GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS
Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.
Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.
Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.
Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
WE CAN SUPPLY THEM
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED
MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.
H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

SHOES YOU ARE LOOKING FOR **SHOES**

Of course. Then you can't afford to miss a word of this story. It's about oxfords.

They must go to make room for fall goods and this gives you the shoe values of the season.

NOTE THE PRICES:

LADIES WHITE CANVAS OXFORDS.

Regular $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 values, in one lot at **$1.15**

Regular $1.00 and $1.25 value, all misses' and children's at..... **89c**

White Canvas Shoes and Oxfords. While the stock lasts go ..... **At Cost**

THIRTY PAIR MALONEY OXFORDS, BLACK, KID AND PATENT LEATHER.

Regular $3.50 value to close at..... **$2.50**

All of our $2.50 Oxfords close at..... **$1.70**

$1.75 Oxfords will go for..... **$1.25**

MEN'S PACKARD OXFORDS.

Only a limited number but they go to the first purchases.

$3.50 values at $2.75

$4.00 values at $3.00

Boys' Oxfords at..... $1.50

Sizes 13½ to 4½, black, kid and patent.

Regular $2 and $2.25 go for $1.50

AN ODD LOT OF CHILDREN'S SHOES.

$1.40 to $2.00 values go at... $1.00

$1.00 to $1.40 values go at ... 89c

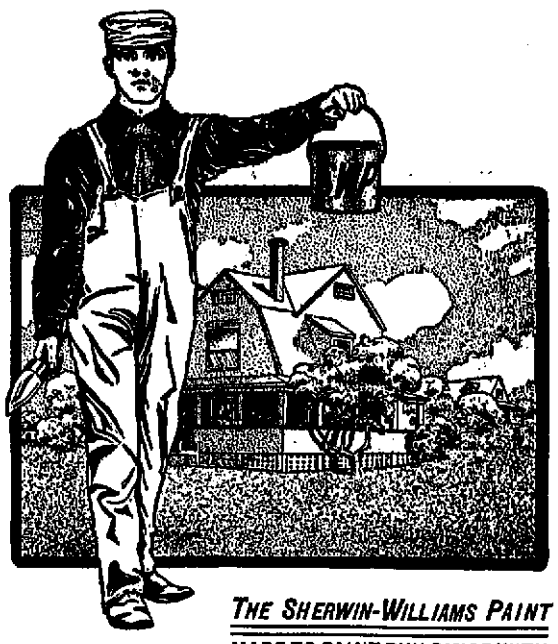
CHILDREN'S BAREFOOT SANDALS.

$1.00 values at..... 75c

.75 values at..... 50c

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, AUG. 17 and 18.

The Lindholm Co.



THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

MADE TO PAINT BUILDINGS WITH COVERS MOST, WEARS LONGEST

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 16, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—"Meet me at the Fair."

—Camping parties are numerous.

—A son was recently born to Mr. and Mrs. A. G. McAllister of Colegrove.

—Do not lay this paper aside until you have read Monheimer's ad. on this page.

—A jolly crowd of maids and matrons enjoyed an outing at Frog Camp last Friday.

—The Picnic Club drove to Daly Brook Lodge on Monday and passed a pleasant afternoon.

—More young men are wanted by Westbrook Academy to fill the shorthand positions offered.

—About twenty people went to St. Marys Tuesday morning on the excursion over the P., S. & N.

—Dr. W. A. Ostrander is having a cement sidewalk laid in front of his property on the south side.

—The new advertisement of the Lindholm Co. this week tells about some decided reductions in shoes.

—It is reported that the partridges are unusually plentiful this season and good shooting may be looked for this fall.

—The popularity of Westbrook Academy, Olean, is due to the successful record of that school. Its 26th year will open next month.

—E. E. Heath has a new barber chair with all the modern improvements, which adds to the appearance of his modern tonsorial parlors.

—At the Baptist church next Sunday, Sunday school will be at 12 m., Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m. and regular preaching at 8 p. m.

—Sindey Burdick, who has been laid up for several days past from running a nail in his foot, is now able to be about with the aid of a cane.

—The Sunday school children of St. Luke's church held a picnic at Daly Brook Lodge yesterday. There were about 100 in attendance and all enjoyed the outing hugely.

—Clarion State Normal School opens September 4. Expenses for the year (41 weeks) to prospective teachers, $136.00. Write for catalog to J. George Becht, Principal, Clarion, Pa.

—The members of Smethport Circle, No. 35, P. H. C., and their friends will hold a basket picnic at Riverhurst Park, Aug. 29. Train on P., S. & N. leaves Smethport at 9:02 a. m. Fare round trip 75 cents.

—Hon. C. S. Cary, a prominent lawyer, died at his home in Olean last week, aged 78 years. He was a close friend of ex-President Cleveland and when Mr. Cleveland was active in politics Mr. Cary was popularly known as "Bosom Friend Cary."

—The Philadelphia Bulletin will soon commence the erection of a magnificient new home at the northeast corner of the City Hall Square. It will be one of the most modern newspaper buildings in the world, and will be ready for occupancy early next spring.

—John Hannon was arrested at the Cory race tract last Friday on a charge of passing counterfeit money. Hannon formerly lived in Bradford. At the June term of court here he was the defendant in a case in which his wife charged him with non-support.

—The National Protective Legion picnic held at Riverhurst yesterday was largely attended from all towns in this section and a most delightful time was had. Smethport was well represented.

—Owing to a freight wreck on the switch-back on the P., S. & N. between Hazelhurst and Mt. Jewett, the N. P. L. excursionists from Mt. Jewett did not arrive home until after midnight last night.

—A letter from Harry R. Henderson yesterday states that Mrs. Henderson has been quite seriously ill at the home of his parents in Warren. She is now improving and they expect to be home the last of this week or the first of next.

—A boy who was taking cows to pasture Wednesday morning found the remains of a man lying along the Pennsylvania railroad tracks above Johnsonburg. The boy summoned assistance. The man was recognized as B. C. Decker of Tambine.—Ridgway Democrat.

—One of the show windows of Redfield's Hardware has a very clever imitation of a Ferris wheel which is attracting a good deal of attention. It is built entirely of articles in the store without injuring them for their intended purpose and is the work of Charles Masser.

—The members of the W. C. T. U. are requested to be present at the meeting Saturday, Aug. 18, at 3:30 p. m. in the M. E. chapel, as there is important business that must be attended to. Light refreshments will be served and a social time will follow the necessary business.

—The Austin Autograph remarks: If Coudersport ever plays Austin, it will be a time for your life, since it has become fashionable to mob the umpire, and kill half of the visiting team. We'll see if that law for sending the pauper dead to Philadelphia's medical colleges always holds good.

—Some tradesmen cease advertising during the mid-summer weeks. This is the golden opportunity for the "stayer." No fact of the science of advertising is better established than that its effect is cumulative. Every blow counts. They win most largely who "keep everlastingly at it," says an exchange.

—Mrs. John A. Welch, a resident of Barden Brook, attempted to take her life, Wednesday afternoon, and succeeded in cutting two deep gashes on her neck with a razor. She has been in poor health for several years and this fact seems to have weighed heavily on her mind. Neither cut was dangerous. —Eldred Eagle.

—When Mrs. Nicholas Longworth—it still seems natural to write it Miss Alice Roosevelt—returns to this country about the middle of next month, hers will be the unusual distinction of having met and been entertained by more occupants of royal and imperial thrones, members of their families, and of the world's nobility than any other American of her day and generation.

—We wish to call the attention of our citizens to the advantage of making our town look its best for the Second Annual Fair September 4, 5, 6 and 7. All grass and weeds should be cut and every man should make his premises look as attractive as possible. Smethport has an enviable reputation of being a beautiful town. Lend your aid in making it more beautiful to the many visitors that will see it fair week.

—The agitation made by the Republican for a trolley line is bearing fruit, and in the near future we hope to be able to give some very pleasing information on this topic. That Kane needs a trolley system which will connect at Mt. Jewett, Wilcox and other nearby towns, is self-evident. All that is needed to make it a go, is the active co-operation of every business man and property owner.—Kane Republican.

—It seems to be the general opinion that The Grange National Bank building will be located on the Brownell lot at the corner of Main and State streets. This matter will not be decided until next Tuesday but the majority of the directors appear to favor this location. The building to be erected will probably be a two story brick and operations will be commenced as soon as the location is selected and plans adopted.

—Hazelhurst is to have a new bank in the near future. It will be known as the Hazelhurst National Bank with a capital stock of $25,000. It will be open for business in a short time. The leading spirits in this enterprise are, of course, representative business men of the valley, and with them is associated J. M. Blair of Blair Mills, Pa., who has been interested in a number of banking institutions for years, and is well equipped both financially and in experience.

—A meeting of the McKean County Poultry, Pet Stock and Horticultural association was held at the office of C. C. Melvin Thursday evening. A cup which is to be competed for at the McKean County Fair and offered by the association, is on exhibition in the show window of the Johnston jewelry store. The White Wyandotte Club of America has offered a number of badges to be competed for at the next annual show of the McKean county association.—Bradford Era.

—The Lock Haven State Normal School closed the most successful year in its history. Its new catalog containing 132 pages, beautifully illustrated, is now ready for distribution. This is one of the great schools of our state and affords the best available advantages for the training of teachers, fitting for college or business. Its departments of Elocution and Music are also largely patronized and thoroughly equipped. The fall term begins Sept. 10th. Address J. R. Flickinger, principal, Lock Haven, Pa.

—The train that will be operated between Kane and Mt. Jewett after Sept. 1, will be one of the finest narrow gauge trains seen in this locality in many years. The coaches are being prepared at the B., B. & K. shops in Bradford. They are painted a dark green and lettered in gold leaf. The name of that section of the road after Sept. 1 will be the Big Level and Kinzua R. R. The schedule will be rearranged so as to make connections with B., R. & P. trains at Mt. Jewett.

—On Sunday last the writer had the pleasure of riding to St. Marys in S. F. Redfield's automobile and a most delightful trip it was. The road leads through some of the most rugged mountain scenery in the State. For miles the road is right on top of the mountains and at this time of year it is a beautiful sight looking down the many valleys, some covered with virgin timber, some with second growth and others with corn, wheat, oats and other farm products. The distance is 30 miles and the trip was made in 2 hours and 16 minutes elapsed time.

—Prothonotary S. E. Bell has issued the following notice relating to naturalization court: Owing to the act of congress regulating the immigration of aliens into the United States, which goes into effect September 29, 1906, the courts will suspend the rule requiring applicants for naturalization to be heard on the first day of each regular term of court, and, instead, will hear applications on Wednesday, September 5, 1906, at 10 o'clock a. m. Mr. Bell also states if there is a number in Kane, who desire to make their first application, he will come over before September 5.

Personal Mention.

Floyd Heath is among the Bradford visitors this week.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town to-day.

Miss Lucile Hinman is visiting friends in Buffalo this week.

Paul Green and Neil Gleason were St. Marys visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. A. L. Colegrove of Mt. Jewett is visiting friends in town to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gleason spent Sunday with friends in Friendship.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Moore of Clearfield were visitors in town this week.

L. K. Hogarth, son Donald and Patrick Keefe drove to Bradford yesterday.

Miss Theo Gifford left Tuesday morning for Williamsport where she is attending school.

Wm. Monheimer left Monday for New York City where he will purchase fall and winter goods.

Hon. Henry Hamlin and Rev. and Mrs. J. H. McCandless took an automobile trip to Kane Tuesday.

Mrs. T. H. Purtle and son, Fred, were in Bradford Tuesday to see the races and Field's Minstrels.

Misses Lucy Mitchell and Ethel Gifford left Saturday for Port Allegany where they are visiting friends.

Mrs. T. H. Panconst and two children are spending a couple of weeks at Cheney Point on Chautauqua Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander and son, Rodney, of Randolph are visiting relatives and old friends in town this week.

Misses Effa and Stella Hinman left on Tuesday for Chicago where they will spend some time visiting their sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin and T. H. Panconst returned from Geneva, N. Y., Saturday. The trip was made in the Hamlin automobile.

S. F. Redfield, E. E. Andrews, Chas. E. McCoy, Harry Rubin and Harry L. Backus drove to St. Marys Sunday in Mr. Redfield's automobile.

Mrs. Henry Hamlin left Monday for Muskoka, Canada. She was accompanied from Buffalo by her daughter, Mrs. H. E. Merrill of Geneva, N. Y.

A brown shawl was lost on Tuesday on the road between Mt. Jewett and Smethport. Finder will be rewarded by returning to Rev. T. D. Ware.

Do you want a good lawn swing? We are closing out our line at cost. They are O. K. Price $6.00. Holmes & Gilfillan.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

No tailor can turn out better Suits than those we sold

At a Sacrifice

for the past three weeks. All who came to look bought; result—only twenty.

$12.00 and $15.00 Suits left; to dispose of these also, come quick and take your choice at

$4.75 a Suit.

Same for youths, your choice at

$2.75 a Suit.

On Saturday, August 25th, this sale ends

At WM. MONHEIMER'S

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

864 Pairs Buster Brown Boys' Stockings

The 25 Cent Quality at per Pair Six Pairs for 90 Cents. **16c.**

These are a fast black, heavy ribbed stocking, built to withstand the hard drubbing that a healthy boy will put them through. We can't get any more to sell at this price. When this lot is sold the opportunity will have passed. Better lay by a future supply.

With every six pairs at 90c we will give one of the Buster Brown Funny Books free.

Five $5.00 Walking Skirts at $2.50.

These are well made skirts in navy blue, serge and gray and brown mix novelty goods. Waists 24, lengths 40 and 41.

Twenty-five $1.50 Cluett Negligee Shirts at 75c

Mainly dark colors. Sizes 14, 14½, 15 and 15½.

FRY & COMES

Buy your WAGONS from

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Our wagons are made of the very best material and built in our own shop by experienced men, and they will give you excellent satisfaction. Ask to see them.

We also have some bargains in second hand buggies. If you are in the market for either of these we can interest you.

We have a complete stock of Building Material at all times.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

..SPECIAL SALE..

We have on sale this week at special low prices the balance of our stock of

SHIRT WAISTS SHIRT WAIST SUITS SAPARATE SKIRTS ETC.

Also have a limited number of Ladies Tailored Skirts and Summer Coats left which will be closed out at a great sacrifice. Don't neglect this chance of getting good values for little money.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

FOR **Picnic Lunches**

PICKLES (Bottle or Bulk)

OLIVES (Stuffed or Plain)

GRAPE JUICE

SALAD DRESSING

BAKED BEANS

TRY OUR WAFERS IN PACKAGES

CHEESE SANDWICHES, 10c
SPONGE LADY FINGERS, 10c
FIG NEWTONS, 10c
NABISCO, 10c
SALTINES, 10 and 15c
VANILLA WAFERS, 10c
ZU ZU, 5c
FESTINO, 25c

J. Colegrove, SMETHPORT, PA

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, **35c**

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, **30c**

Emperor and Puritan **20c**

Black Coffee **10, 20, 22, & 35 cents**

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Three Old Maids and a Widow

By C. B. LEWIS

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There are few towns of 1,500 population that can boast of three old maids and a widow living on the same street, but that was the case with Clifton. Miss Vinton was an old maid because she never had met with a man good enough for her. Miss Hopkins was an old maid because the young man she would have married at eighteen was sawed in two in a sawmill and she had vowed to be true to his memory. Miss Warner was an old maid because she was determined to marry none but a minister, and all the ministers who came were already provided for. The Widow Carter was a widow because part of a house had fallen on her husband.

The old maids and the widow were on visiting terms—in fact, they rather liked each other. Where there are no male candidates for matrimony concerned old maids and widows can sit down together on the same veranda without quarreling. After the widow had solemnly assured the old maids that nothing on the face of this earth could induce her to be false to the memory of her crushed, the quartet loved each other even more.

One day one of the merchants in the town sold out and a stranger came to take his place. If he had been a married man the dove of peace would have continued to hover over Rose street, but as he was single, only thirty and a "catch" the dove saw a hot time ahead.

The widow let no grass grow under her feet in calling at the store and incidentally mentioning her name and ordering four pounds of sugar all at once. She was one of the Four Hundred of the town, and on the part of the other 399 she bade Mr. Strong welcome to their midst. When he had thanked her she ordered two nutmegs and a paper of starch, in addition to the sugar, to let him understand that she wasn't obliged to pinch pennies, and then departed.

An hour later her reprehensible conduct was known to the three old maids, and up went three pairs of hands; six eyes were turned upward in horror and three mouths opened to exclaim in chorus, "How shocking!"

Then, during the next two days, each of the old maids made an excuse to call at the store and follow the programme carried out by the widow. Each thought she was sly and slick, but they found each other out, and from that moment the bond of friendship snapped asunder like an old clothesline left out in the storms of a year.

When women make war on each other they don't use fence rails to pound each other on the head. In most cases they go right on treating each other as nicely as they can to their faces, but using daggers and the darkness to assassinate. The three old maids and the widow gathered together as of yore, but the dagger was used whenever there was the least show.

Mr. Strong proved a social success. The widow gave a little dinner and brought him out, but the old maids really monopolized him for the evening. Then Miss Warner gave an exhibition of her own paintings, which consisted of a cow apparently thirty-six feet long and of a river running up stream instead of down, and the widow held Mr. Strong's attention for an hour while she talked about her crushed and departed.

At the end of six weeks the man who ran the sawmill and had a mortgage on the mill dam figured it out to his wife:

"There are three old maids to one widow, but if the widow gets left she'll be the first one I ever heard of."

Even the small boys around town noticed how girly the old maids were becoming. They giggled, they uttered cute little screams when they turned a corner and found themselves face to face with a cow, they tittered when they asked for gum drops at the grocery. As for the widow, she set her jaw and walked into the store two or three times a week to ask the merchant if he thought the Seventy-seventh National bank of Boston was perfectly sound and to sigh with relief when he assured her of his confidence in the institution. Sly reports were soon afloat that Mr. Strong was paying his attentions to this or that one of the four. Then the other three would reply as one:

"Well, may be he is, but what on earth he can see in her is more than I can make out. She grows more homely and dowdified every day. Of course I'm telling you this in confidence, and, of course, it won't go further."

One fatal evening tragedy after tragedy happened, and the light went out of several happy households. Mr. Strong boarded with a family living half a mile from the store. He wanted the walk. He had to cross the bridge over the river and ascend a hill covered with woods, and there wasn't a house between his boarding place and the town.

The three old maids and the widow had had their eyes on this road from the first. They had seen Strong walking for exercise. They didn't walk at the hours the merchant might be expected, and if they encountered each other they made all manner of excuses, but each one understood what the other was at and determined to baffle her in the end.

Mr. Strong had been given three months in which to declare his attentions, and he hadn't declared. Time was too valuable to be wasted. His habit was to return to his store after a 6 o'clock supper and remain there until 8. Just before 8 o'clock, then, on this awful night four human figures might have been seen stealing out of the town and over the bridge.

Each and every one of them would have paused on the bridge to listen to the musical plash of the river if they hadn't seen each other. The first, second and third were obliged to go on to avoid the last one. She was the widow. She knew the value of a bridge and a river and a musical plash, and she determined to stick.

One old tramp and a dog were responsible for most of what followed. The tramp came bumping along through the town, bent on finding a country strawstack as soon as possible, and as the widow on the bridge heard his footsteps she began to look artless and coy.

It was labor thrown away. The tramp was nearsighted and bumped up against her, and in her fright she went over the low railing and down into the water. If she couldn't swim like a duck she could at least scramble like a cat, and she managed to get ashore. Her condition was dripping, also drooping, also indignant. She realized that no dripping, drooping woman stood the slightest show in that contest, and she dragged herself homeward and was not improved in looks or temper by having to wade through a couple of mud puddles.

Miss Vinton came next. She was sauntering up the hill wondering how "that widow" dared be so bold and brassy when the tramp, who was now on the run for his life, overtook her. In his nearsightedness he took her for a horse and wagon and tried to shy out. She shied to the right at the same time and was sent sprawling by the collision. She got out of the roadside ditch to run into a patch of briers and scream for help, but there was no help. She had to extricate herself and follow the bedraggled widow.

The dog alone was responsible for what happened to the other two old maids. Miss Warner had discovered one woman ahead and two behind her, and, suspecting their fiendish intentions, she had almost made up her mind to abandon her object when the dog, who had been calling on his brother out in the country, came along and set up a barking and growling. Tragedy was the result. The old maid never had encountered a big bobtailed dog at night off a hill, and she at once scrambled over the fence into the weeds and ran for her life. She fell down and rolled over, and she rose up again and struggled on, and when she reached home two hours later she immediately went into hysterics, and Dr. Seaton got his first night call for fourteen years.

The dog had met with such success that he was encouraged to persevere. He came upon Miss Hopkins out of the shadows like a frisking haystack, and as she screamed out and spread her wings to fly she tripped and went down. The fall might have injured her but for the fact that she fell upon soft mud. She couldn't go back to town looking like the mortar mixer for a skyscraper, and she continued on to the merchant's boarding house to get the use of hoes and scrapers. They were furnished, but while she was using them she heard the ten-year-old daughter whispering to her mother that she'd bet a cent that Miss Hopkins had come out there to giggle for Mr. Strong.

That was an awful night in Clifton, though only four feminine hearts knew just how awful it was. Morning dawned with a murky sky overhead. It seemed to three old maids and a widow as if something more was still to happen. They were right. When the butcher boy called for his orders he repeated the same words at every house on his route:

"Say, you heard the news? Mr. Strong has gone to Philipsville to git married today, and he's goin' to bring the bride home tonight. Hain't it great?"

The Human Wall in the Bell.

Tradition has a weird tale to tell about the casting of the bell which stands in the center of Seoul, the capital of Korea. The mystery of its sonorous clang still inspires the inhabitants with awe and pity. When the bell was first cast it was found to be cracked. It was thrown into the smelting pot and cast a second time, with no better result. The artificers proceeded to recast it a third time, and while they were on the point of completing their task a woman walked up to the furnace with a child and cried, "Twice have ye failed, and twice will ye fail if there be no blood in it!" With these words she snatched up her child and threw it into the molten mass. The bell, when cast, was found to be without a flaw, and to this day the people aver that the tone of the bell as it peals forth is the piteous wail of the child, "Mother, mother, oh, mother!" The legend, it would appear, finds a counterpart in the different countries of the far east, as do so many in the western world.

The Social Sea Gull.

Gulls love society. They always nest in colonies and live together the entire year. They are most useful birds about the water fronts of our cities. These gulls have developed certain traits that mark them as land birds rather than birds of the sea. In southern California and Oregon I have watched flocks of them leave the ocean and rivers at daybreak every morning and sail inland for miles, skirmishing about the country to pick up a living in the fields, following the plow all day long, as blackbirds do, and lighting at the farmer's heels for angleworms. I have seen others rummage daily about pigpens and surge on the offal thrown out from the slaughter houses. If any bird is useful to man, the gull is certainly of great economic importance as a scavenger.—American Magazine.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS.

EMIL THAMM.
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

MEDICAL DELUSIONS

MANY STILL LINGER FROM THE DARK AGES OF CREDULITY.

Superstitions Regarding Remedies For Disease on the Lower East Side in New York—Prescriptions of the Old Time Apothecaries.

An east sider in lower New York suffering from acute rheumatism was taken to the Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital wearing a pair of eels, long defunct and dried, by way of garters. He showed much distress when they were removed by the nurse, being firmly convinced they would cure his rheumatism in time.

The laugh of science to the contrary notwithstanding, medical delusions in surprising number still survive from the ages of faith. Any physician who practices among the poor and ignorant can testify to this, and it is in particular the staff and students of an institution like the Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital, which receives its patients largely from the lower east side, a quarter teeming with variety, who are made to appreciate most fully the extent of superstition regarding remedies for disease.

Italian immigrants are peculiarly interesting in this respect. They frequently attribute stomach trouble to cat's hairs supposed to have been swallowed and persist in eating eggshells to cure it. They also eat snails as a remedy for consumption, though here they are supported by a highly respectable authority—that of "The Accomplished Physician," published in 1656, which declares that snail water, "owing to the cool, clammy and glutinous substance of the snail," is particularly grateful to the consumptive. These Italians use castor oil whenever their feelings become at all excited, either by joy or sorrow, burn rolls of waxed paper in their ears to cure the earache and willingly go through the even more heroic treatment of lighting fires on their bare stomachs when they have dyspepsia.

The trouble with these people is merely that they have not advanced with the times, but are still holding beliefs which are held by the most intelligent and best educated men of a few centuries ago. An apothecary's shop in Queen Elizabeth's time was stocked with things that strike moderns as singular enough, considered as medicine. These were crabs' claws, foxes' lungs, stags' hearts, boars' tusks, sea horses' teeth, elks' hoofs, precious stones in powder, dying fish, tortoises, alligators, dried toads, worms, scorpions and even human mummies. These latter were quite popular as a remedy for epilepsy, vertigo and palsy, besides being supposed to heal wounds and mortifications. Mummy cost 5s. 4d. a pound, or $1.28 in our money, and was a recognized staple of commerce, but, being so expensive, an artificial substitute was invented which is described by Crollius in his "Royal Chemist" as calling for "the carcass of a young man, some say red headed, not dying of disease, but killed." It is probable that this ghastly recipe was responsible for many of the mysterious disappearances common in those thrilling days. Human skulls sold for as much as 11 shillings apiece and were given in the form of a powder, mixed with a little oil.

The most highly esteemed prescriptions of the old time apothecary were those which cost the most and which must needs, therefore, include powdered precious stones. "Gascon's powder" was one of the most costly of these medicaments, being prescribed by the great physicians for their more important patients. It cost 40 shillings ($9.60) an ounce and was made in equal parts of crabs' eyes, pearls, white amber, oriental bezoar and the black tips of crabs' claws.

Precious stones, too, were thought to have much efficacy when worn as amulets. The ruby protected its wearer from plague and pestilence, the amethyst kept a man steady and sober, bloodstones stopped bleeding, the onyx prevented epilepsy, the topaz cured inflammation, the opal strengthened weak eyes, and the emerald prevented foolishness and aided the memory. Concerning the emerald an old writer further testifies: "It takes away vain and foolish fears, as of devils and hobgoblins, folly and anger, and causeth good conditions; if it do so worn about one, reason will tell him that being beaten into powder and taken inwardly it will do much more."

The use of herbs and plants as medicines, of course, agrees with modern practice; but the old physicians made the mistake of considering them as possessing semi-magical properties. It was believed that they were the dwelling places of good and evil spirits which worked their good and evil wills upon those who touched them. The old rhyme says:

> Trefoil, vervain, John's wort, dill
> Hinders witches of their will.

And these four plants had extraordinary reputations in the middle ages for both natural and supernatural powers. The trefoil is common in the United States today, especially in the south, and has certain legitimate medical properties. The vervain is allied to our native verbenas and was anciently believed to be effective against all poisons and the venom of serpents, as well as having beneficial effects in witchcraft. Alice Kyteler, the celebrated witch of Kilkenny, used to send her pupils for the herbs to gather vervain and dill. The high priests of Persia always carried vervain when they approached their gods. They gathered it when there was neither sun nor moon and poured a libation of honey upon the earth in reparation for their robbery. St. John's wort was called "Fuga demonium" in the old days, because it routed evil spirits. It was a common ingredient of magical concoctions and is still gathered with much ceremony by the peasantry of France and Germany when St. John's day (June 24) comes around.

Solomon's seal was another of the wonder working plants, said to be the herb which Solomon used to cure epilepsy by placing it in a ring applied to the nostrils of the patient, from which circumstance arose the popularity of the magical ring or seal that figures in so many eastern tales.

Curious stories are told of the mandrake, a scion of the potato family, the fruit of which used to be called the "love apple" (a name later applied to the tomato), no doubt because to eat of it generously produced temporary insanity. It was much used in love philters to awaken the tender passion, and the most efficacious specimens were obtained from the vicinity of gibbets, where evil doers swung by the neck. There was but one way to gather the mandrake, under pain of death for mistake, since the belief was that it groaned aloud when pulled from the ground and that whoever heard the sound fell dead on the spot. The custom was to fasten a dog by the tail to the plant and beat him until in his struggles he tore up the mandrake by the roots. The person superintending the operation had his ears stopped with pitch and so escaped, but the dog, for which the same precaution was not taken, heard the groan and died.

Extraordinary cures were accomplished by some familiar flowers in the olden times. The anemone was thought by the ancients to be an emblem of disease, and Pliny says that physicians recommended that the first anemone seen in the spring should be picked and concealed in a scarlet cloth until sickness came, requiring that it should be hung around the neck. The juice of the forgetmenot was credited with the power of hardening steel until no metal could resist it. The peony was used by Paeon, the famous physician of ancient Greece, from whom it takes its name, to cure wounds. Demons were supposed always to flee from the spot where it grew.

The elder tree also had some remarkable properties. An old writer declares that "if one travel with two little sticks of elder in his pocket he shall not fret nor pant, let the horse go never so hard." A piece of an elder branch cut out between two knots used to be worn around the neck to cure erysipelas, and in the Tyrol today elder bushes are planted on new graves in the form of a cross, it being believed that they will blossom in due time if the soul formerly inhabiting the body lying underneath has been received into paradise.—New York Tribune.

GROWING PAINS.

Aches In Children That Should Receive Serious Attention.

The evil that may be caused by a phrase is well exemplified by the term "growing pains." Many a cripple today owes his misfortune to the fact that the first symptoms of his disease were misinterpreted. The recurring pains of which he complained, which caused him to limp at times or to cry out in his sleep, were called by his parents growing pains and were thought to signify nothing more than the effort of nature to adjust the growing bones and muscles and sinews to each other.

Of course every child has innumerable little aches and pains, the result of fatigue, slight sprains, stone bruises and the like, and it is well the fond parents should not take too much notice of them, lest they foster a disposition in the child to worry over illnesses. The cause of such occasional pains is usually apparent, and a night's rest or a day in the house will dispel it. But when the pain recurs from time to time without evident cause, or when ordinary romping during the day is followed by a night of aching, and perhaps a limp for a day or two, it is possible that there is some serious underlying cause and the family physician should be consulted.

Frequent complaint of pain in the knee is one of the signs of beginning hip disease, but examination shows the knee to be apparently sound, and so the home diagnosis of growing pains is made, and the real trouble in the hip is overlooked, often until it is too late to prevent permanent lameness.

Although not called growing pains, repeated attacks of stomach ache in children should not be slighted, for they may be a symptom of early spinal disease. The complaint of pain in the stomach, when not referable to green apples or a surfeit of pastry, especially when the complaint is made at the close of the day or during the night, should excite suspicion and if often repeated should indicate the necessity of a careful examination of the spine. Growing pains may be due to rheumatism, which, if not detected and correctly treated, may lead to disease of the heart.

A less serious trouble, but one demanding medical treatment, which may cause an aching in the limbs, is malaria. This is a dangerous diagnosis, for if incorrect it may be as serious in its consequences as that of growing pains, and even if the child has had an unmistakable attack of malaria the parent should not be content with that explanation of its aches and pains, but should refer the matter to the doctor.

It should always be remembered that growth is a normal process and should no more be accompanied by pain than digestion or breathing.—Youth's Companion.

Her Little Mistake.

The joke is on a Westbrook (Me.) woman who on getting ready to leave church recently was unable to find one of her rubbers, so she walked home with one shoe exposed to the wet. When she arrived home she remarked to one of her family how heavy the foot with one rubber felt. This was explained in part when she attempted to remove the one overshoe and found she had both on one foot.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

THE HUMAN BODY.

Composition of the House In Which Man's Spirit Abides.

The foundation of the human body is composed of 200 bones, covered with 322 voluntary muscles. The smaller blood vessels are so numerous as to be beyond the telling, but we have no fewer than about 1,000 arteries through which the blood is always flowing under the government of the heart.

The blood is composed of two constituents, termed by physiologists red and white corpuscles, numbering some thousands of millions.

Our house has something like 600 tiny telegraph wires, called nerves, connected with the brain and spinal cord, and these little wires are always throbbing with messages which they telegraph to the main office—the brain. Besides these there are the sympathetic wires, or nerves, numbered by thousands, which help the former.

The front of our house, the skin, has been measured up and found, if spread out, to cover fifteen square feet.

The ventilating science by which we get our fresh air is built of such fine porous stuff that, if spread out, it would be found to cover a stretch of land big enough to contain a fifteen roomed house. We refer to the lungs which have hundreds of millions of air cells.

To every square inch of the palm of the hand are 2,500 pores, while the number of sweat glands in the skin generally is 2,500,000. Their function is to deposit secretions upon the skin; hence the necessity of a daily tub to wash this stuff away, otherwise it clogs the sweat glands and prevents their proper working.

New York's First Street Cleaner.

The Dutch housewives of old New York, ever noted for their housekeeping qualities, created the agitation which resulted in the appointment of the first public street cleaner in New York in 1692. He was Laurens Van der Speigle, a baker. His daughter married Rip Van Dam, who afterward became governor of New York, an illustration of the democracy of that day.

A Mistake.

Hewitt—Will you watch my trunk for a minute? Jewett—What do you take me for, a chest protector?—New York Press.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—, E. Bell, - meth port.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lena Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hughers, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Denning.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ryde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Hungiville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 5 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
B. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 183, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PEIRCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDAY, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus Block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARE, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. chapel.
MRS. JANE S. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORERHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S
L. E. BOGARTE, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 4:45 p. m.. Sunday School at 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

ERIE RAILROAD

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1906

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:10 p m week days.
For Larrabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 9:15 a m 2:35, 4:05 p m week days.
For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Larrabee 9:15 a m week days.
For Rochester 2:35 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at
7:35 a m for Bradford via B R & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
11:30 a m for Pittsburg via B R & P
2:35 p m for Bradford and Buffalo via B R & P
5:15 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and DuBois via B R & P

Trains arrive at Smethport at
8:25 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
2:05 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
5:15 p m from Bradford and Kane.

C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 3rd, 1906, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:35 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 2:35 p m and 5:15 p. m

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:00	12:25	4:00
Mt. Jewett	7:25	10:54	4:30
Kane	8:05	11:30	5:10
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	6:50	1:20	4:35
Kane	6:50	10:20	3:55
Mt. Jewett	8:30	2:35	6:05

Arriving at Smethport at 8:35 a. m., 12:50 p. m. and 6:15 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. Bradford.
R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R

Effective Nov. 20, 1905
MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
	6:05	8:14	Hornellsville	A 9:30	6:50	
	6:30	8:36	Arkport	9:25	5:48	
	f	f	Buron	f	f	
	6:47	8:53	Hornellsville Jc	9:14	5:37	
	6:54	8:42	Canerserawa	9:07	5:30	
	6:59	8:48	Garwoods	9:02	5:25	
	7:10	8:59	Swales	8:48	5:10	
	7:28	9:17	Birdsall	8:29	4:52	
	7:33	9:20	Angelica	8:25	4:48	
	8:22	10:02	Friendship	7:37	4:05	
	8:54	10:45	Bolivar	L 7:05	3:29	
5:40		11:36	Olean		2:32	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:36
6:50			Larabee			9:28
7:15			Smethport			9:00
7:59			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50		1:23	St. Marys		A 7:50	6:30
		10:07	Shawmut		2:11	
		A 10:42	Brockwayville		L 1:36	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
8:30	11:00	7:10	Wayland	A 10:35	4:02	6:55
8:36	11:06	7:25	Perkinsville	10:20	3:56	6:52
8:48	11:17	7:32	Rogersville	10:02	3:40	6:45
8:47	11:17	7:30	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	3:45	6:43
4:00	11:30	7:40	Hornellsville Jc	10:00	3:33	6:30
f	f	f	Burns	f	f	f
4:11	11:41	7:50	Arkport	9:54	3:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:00	Hornellsville	L 9:41	3:10	6:01
P M	A M	A M			A M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
a—Arrives. A—arrives. f—Trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

B. C. M'CLUREN, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
JOS. T. O'DELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, April 16, 1906.

Trains leave Port Allegany for Coudersport, Ulysses and intermediate stations at 9:30 a. m., 11:40 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 5:10 p. m., and 7:12 p. m.

Trains leave Coudersport for Port Allegany at 7:10 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 1:50 p. m., 4:15 p. m. and 6:20 p. m.

Trains leave Ulysses for Coudersport and Port Allegany at 7:20 a. m. and 3:45 p. m.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & R. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry., and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Man or Mouse?

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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The water, lunching and lapping, invited. The day was giddy May, and the invited young Lorena, moreover, owned all the folly normal to nineteen. So altogether it would have been a miracle if things had gone exactly as they should. A proper young woman of course would have reckoned chances before baring her feet and dancing joyously in midstream, where the pebbles lay smoothly bedded in fine sand and gleaming jewel-wise wherever a sun ray struck through the ripples.

Lorena did not let herself remember that the ford was but fifty yards higher up or that this special shallow reach of the creek lay between the two lakes that gave the finest fishing. They were not true lakes, of course—only water mirrors, still and deep, impounded by drifts of the winter flood's building. Lorena did not love them. They were so placid they reminded her somehow of Johnny—and whatever did that put her out of temper.

She loved glitter, motion, excitement. It was ecstasy to her to dance all day long and half the night after, footing it as lightly, as featly, as wind blown thistle seed. If only she could dance alone! But since that was out of the question she naturally preferred partners who kept step and were nimble. Johnny was neither, yet all the time she had been engaged to him he had felt it his right to say, if she did not dance with him, she must dance with hardly anybody else.

And not at all with Granville Gore, the very prince of partners, who was handsome and slender and light hearted, with money in both pockets and a trick of spending it with both hands. Johnny hated him, without reason so far as Lorena could see—at least he gave her no reason—only said, "If you are goin' ever to belong to me, Lolie, you must be barely civil to that fellow."

Somehow the emphasis on the last word always made Lorena shiver when she recalled it. How could she help it, when Johnny was toward other folk the soul of kindly justice? Still she had felt that he was unfair. If he really knew anything he might let her know it likewise.

If Johnny could have brought himself to tell her the break might not have come. But he was too proud and masterful for that. His wife must believe in him enough to understand that he had reasons for any and everything. Besides he was afraid of seeming envious and jealous of a man so much richer and better looking. Moreover, he did not really know much that could be told categorically—it was Gore's general air and manner, conjoined to words dropped here and there, that made Johnny certain he had no real reverence for anything feminine. A girl, any girl, was fair game to him. If she hadn't sense enough to look out for herself he was not bound to look out for her. Yet Gore was not distinctly vicious—rather, inordinately vain. He did not mean worse by womankind and girlkind than to make love to them, then ride away. Marry! Not he! Not the finest girl alive!

If Lorena had known that! Unknowing it, she had thought a great many times and a great many things of the fascinating Granville in the three months since the break. He had been away for two of them, and since he came home she had seen him only in crowds. But he had used his eyes so eloquently as to set her heart wildly fluttering. But, oddly enough, it had fluttered even more when by chance she had encountered Johnny, in his working clothes, driving his wagon to mill.

They had barely nodded to each other, and she had ridden fast afterward, but not fast enough to get away from a sense that Johnny, old Johnny, although his face was impassive, had turned to look after her as long as she was in sight.

Today she was not thinking of him—hardly even of Granville. Wading was such pure joy. The water came above her ankles. She lifted her skirts lightly in both hands and balanced to her shadow upon the rippling stream. Such a funny shadow—dancing grotesquely even when she stood still.

Rapt in contemplation of it, she did not hear footsteps or anything until a throaty, chuckling voice cried: "Oh, ho! A mermaid! Gore, if the variety is indigenous, understand, I shall settle in your neighborhood just as soon as I can buy a place."

Lorena flushed scarlet. She let fall her skirts heedless of water—heedless, indeed, of anything but escape. There were men on either bank, also one in wading approaching her midstream. Gore was the farthest of them—a Gore she had never seen. He looked her over as though she were a part, a curious part, of the landscape with which he had no sort of acquaintance.

It was the man in wading who had spoken. He was striding on toward her, his rod over his shoulder, a broad grin upon his flat, red face. Her sunbonnet, her faded print frock, above all her present case, had nearly made him believe her some boldenish milkmaid rather than mermaid.

"Didn't I tell you fellows the finest fish were here in the shallows?" he bellowed at the men on the bank. "Never yet made such a catch," he added, making to fling an arm about Lorena's waist.

She evaded him, springing to one side and trying to gain the bank, but the sportsmen there set up a laughing shout which warned her not to trust them. Desperately she fled upstream cutting her feet on sharp stones, but never faltering. It was not easy to run against the current—the rock bottom was slippery in places and her wet skirt hampered her terribly.

Still she kept out of reach until she was twenty yards off the ford. The flat faced man, lunching and panting after her, caught her there and said as he gave her a resounding kiss: "'Pon my soul, Undine, it was worth it. I haven't had such a lark since I was a boy."

Lorena broke from him, crying, wildly: "Granville! Mr. Gore! Kill this creature!"

At that the man laughed louder than ever. Granville had discreetly disappeared. He was sorry for Lorena; also angry with her, even angrier than with his friend of the flat, red face. There were millions back of the flat, red face—millions that might mean much to Gore's future. Was he to risk their help, to invite everlasting chaff, to make himself the butt of the grill rooms next time he was in town, by championship of a girl, a silly country girl, who should have known better than to put herself in such case?

Mullen, he of the flat, red face, was not a bad sort, only full of uncouth spirits. Lorena would come to no harm. And if she had sense enough to keep her mouth shut he (Gore) would see to it that she was handsomely made up to for her present fright. But of course he could not acknowledge her as an acquaintance when she looked such a guy and had let herself get caught in such a plight.

Lorena, noting his absence, stumbled blindly toward the bank and half fell upon it, covering her eyes with both hands. Mullen scrambled out beside her and tried to lift her to her feet, the rest jeering him, pretending to say things aside and singing in cracked chorus, "Where is my wandering boy?"

They were laughing so loud, watching so intently, Johnny fell upon them like a thunderbolt from blue skies. Johnny was still in working clothes—he had, in fact, started to the blacksmith's shop in a mad hurry in hope of getting a dulled plow point sharpened. So he had come to the ford in the very nick of time to see that a woman was in need of help and to rush to give it.

"Gentlemen," Johnny's voice cut like ice, "you must show me your warrant for taking a prisoner. Unless you do"—He stopped short there, his face white, his eyes two points of flame. Even yet he did not know, but a second later Lorena was beside him, clinging to him, burying her face in his rough sleeve, and sobbing out: "Johnny! Save me! Take me away! Don't stop to fight them—only take me and go!"

"Not yet," Johnny said, putting her gently away.

The events of the next five minutes are better left unchronicled. Suffice it that Mr. Granville Gore and his sportsmen friends from the city went away on the night train, at least two of the visitors carrying beautiful black eyes. As to how the eyes had been achieved there was discreet silence. But when in the fall Lorena and Johnny were married there came to the bride a chest of massive silver, along with an unsigned note which ran: "Please accept this in token of forgiveness. Remember, you owe me something—to that I gave you occasion to find out the difference there is between a man and a mouse."

Lorena was for sending it back, but Johnny laughed and said: "Mullen is right. He is a man. You can drub a man into decency, but a mouse always runs away."

"And I hate mice of every sort," Lorena added with a pensive smile.

They Had Escaped That.

A young disciple of Blackstone who had worked his way through college and taken a full course in the study of law besides was making a trip through the southwest in search of an eligible location for the practice of his profession. A thrifty young city, with a considerable body of water on one side of it and a forest on the other, attracted his attention, and he decided to make a few days' stay there and investigate.

"Putting up" at what seemed to be the best hotel, he ate his dinner, then strolled into the office and proceeded in a careless way to interrogate the clerk.

"There is a good deal of business done in this town, isn't there?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the young man. "In one way and another there's a good jag of business going on here."

"Healthy place, isn't it?"

"Middling."

"Is there much litigation here?"

"No, I haven't heard of any cases of that, but there's a lot of chills an' fever and occasionally a pretty bad case of the grip."

Dewey and the Powder Boy.

Many stories have been written and told about Admiral Dewey and his heroic deed at Manila bay, but none show the kindness of heart of which this modern hero is capable as the following, which has just come to light: When the order was given to strip for action just before the battle of Manila Bay a powder boy on the flagship accidentally dropped his coat overboard. He asked permission to jump after it, but was refused. In spite of the refusal he dropped overboard, recovered his coat, was caught and arrested for disobedience of orders, a serious offense in the navy, especially under this commander. The boy was brought before the admiral, who kindly but firmly demanded an explanation. Breaking into tears, the lad said the coat contained his mother's picture and he could not bear to see it lost. For once the admiral relaxed in his discipline. "Release him," he said. "A boy who loves his mother enough to risk his life for her picture cannot be kept under arrest in this fleet."

REGULAR LIVING.

What Nature Demands In Return For Good Health.

First of all, one thing that nature won't stand is irregularity. We cannot safely bottle up sleep tonight for tomorrow night's use, nor force our stomachs one meal because we expect to eat sparingly the next, nor become exhausted in working night and day, expecting to make it up later.

Nature does nothing before her appointed time, and any attempt to hurry her invariably means ultimate disaster. She takes note of all our transactions, physical, mental and moral, and places every item to our credit.

There is no such thing as cheating nature. She may not present her bill on the day we violate her law, but if we overdraw our account at her bank and give her a mortgage on our minds and bodies she will surely foreclose. She may lend us all we want today, but tomorrow, like Shylock, she will demand the last ounce of flesh. Nature does not excuse man for weakness, incompetence or ignorance. She demands that he be at the top of his condition.

Nature's machinery, as it exists in the human body, is most complicated and delicately adjusted. No machinery constructed by man can compare with it in the perfection and proportion of all its working parts. Every machinist knows that his wheels and cams and gearing must run absolutely true and with uniformity or they will soon break down. It is the same with the machine that keeps the human body going.—New York American.

CAUSE OF THE DELUGE.

Queer Tradition of the Aboriginal Blacks of Australia.

The aboriginal blacks of Australia have a queer tradition about the flood. They say that at one time there was no water on the earth at all, except in the body of an immense frog, where men and women could not get it. There was a great council on the subject, and it was found out that if the frog could be made to laugh the waters would run out of his mouth and the drought be ended.

So several animals were made to dance and caper before the frog to induce him to laugh, but he did not even smile, and so the waters remained in his body. Then some one happened to think of the queer contortions into which the eel could twist itself, and it was straightaway brought before the frog. And when the frog saw the wriggling he laughed so hard that the whole earth trembled, and the waters poured out of his mouth in a great flood, in which many people were drowned.

The black people were saved from drowning by the pelican. This thoughtful bird made a big canoe and went with it all among the islands that appeared here and there above the surface of the water and gathered in the black people and saved them.

An Artist's Feat.

One of the most remarkable and most artistic of twenty-four hours' records stands to the credit of Sir Edwin Landseer, who had promised a picture for the spring exhibition of the Royal British institution in 1845. On the day before the opening he was found standing in front of an untouched canvas. "I shall send that to the institution tonight, a finished picture," he declared to the astonished messenger who had been sent by the hanging committee to see if the promised picture was ready, "and have consequently given orders not to be disturbed." True to his word, Landseer put the finishing touch to his canvas and dispatched it to Pall Mall that very evening; and as "The Cavalier's Pets" it was one of the greatest successes of the exhibition.

The Change of a Word.

"Spanking" did not suggest chastisement originally. It was unknown to Johnson in this sense; to him a "spanker" meant "a person who takes long steps with agility." Rapid motion seems to be the root idea of the word "spank," which is not merely representative of the sound of the act, as "slap" and "smack" are. The low German "spakern," or "spenkern," to run and spring about quickly, is close to the original meaning; hence a "spanking pace," a "spanking breeze" and a "spanker," in the sense of an active and sturdy person.

The Hudson Bay Company.

In 1670 Charles II. granted a charter to the Hudson Bay company, giving to that association the whole and sole trade and commerce on the waters lying within the entrance of the Hudson strait and on the lands adjoining. After the cession of Canada to Great Britain in 1763 the Northwest Fur company of Montreal sprang into existence, and by its competition with the older corporation compelled an amalgamation in 1821.

Conclusive.

Insurance Solicitor—Well, doctor, have you examined this new claimant? Doctor—No. I haven't thought it necessary. You see, I've been treating him for the last seven years. Insurance Solicitor—That's enough. If he has survived that he must be a person of wondrous vitality.

Not His.

"I don't see why Peckham should make a poor mouth all the time. He commands a good salary every week of his life."

"He may command it, but his wife demands it every week."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Way It Sounds.

Mrs. Ascum—Does that Miss Drumm next door own her piano or does she rent it? Mrs. Knox—Usually she rends it.—Philadelphia Press.

FOOLING BENSON

By Charles Freeman

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"No one has been in your compartment since the money came in, has there?" demanded Robert Cable.

"No one," admitted Jack Niblo, "but, on the other hand, I have handled no money from that drawer."

"Therefore it must have been a mistake in your addition. I am sorry, Jack, but we shall have to look to you to repay the loss."

"But this is the third time this week that this has happened," pleaded Niblo.

"All the more reason why you should be more careful," said the president shortly. "It is inexcusable that a receiving teller should make three mistakes in a single week. If there is a repetition of this trouble I am afraid that I shall have to replace you."

Niblo bowed and left the private office. It seemed pretty hard to him that he should be required to make good a $200 shortage in a single week, but three times when he had come to balance his accounts he had found that he was short. Once it had been a hundred dollar bill that was missing, and twice his sheet showed a fifty dollar shortage.

He had the money with which to make up the loss, for he had been saving up ever since Nettie Cable promised to marry him. At this rate the savings would soon vanish, yet if he was forced to give up his position because he was unreliable his savings would be gone before he could obtain another position without a recommendation from the bank.

It was with a heavy heart that he went to meet her. They were to go to a concert that evening. The girl's quick eyes perceived his despondency, and as they walked along she drew the story from him.

"Who do you think it is?" she asked.

"That's the worst of it," he declared. "I have no grounds for suspecting any one. When I came back from lunch to

"FORTY FIFTIES," HE LAUGHED, "DO YOU MAKE IT THE SAME?"

relieve Benson the money is right to a penny. The loss or mistake or whatever it is comes after that."

"But you can't be making mistakes all the time," she insisted. "Isn't it possible that some one comes into your cage for a moment?"

"Not a soul was in there all the afternoon," he said positively.

"And Mr. Fells cannot reach over from his cage?"

"The money is all in the drawer. He would have to open that first."

"Have you looked behind the drawer?" she asked hopefully. "Perhaps it just fell down behind."

"I had the drawer out," he explained, "and looked behind it."

"Who is that in there?" she asked suddenly as they passed the bank building.

"It must be Benson," he answered carelessly. "He works late on the foreign business. I don't know whether he does it because he likes work or because he wants to make a good impression on your father, but he is at it all the time."

"Is the money all locked up?"

"Benson wouldn't take it anyhow," he declared, "but the money is locked with a time lock. Benson merely uses the small safe with the books."

"I don't like Mr. Benson," she said decidedly. "Father refuses to interfere, but I know that Mr. Benson has tried to get him to send you away and take him as a son-in-law."

"You don't suppose he would steal my money, do you?" laughed Jack.

"I'd think anything," she said positively. "You may laugh if you want to, but somehow I feel that he wants to get you out of the way."

"Forewarned is forearmed," he said, laughing. "We'll fool him yet, or, rather, you will. I don't think I'm clever enough."

"I think I'm as clever as Mr. Benson," she announced, "and I'm going to fool him, see if I don't."

They turned into the concert hall, next the bank, and in the music Jack forgot the threat.

He did not even recall it a few days later when Nettie came into the bank and, after a chat with her father, made her way to Niblo's compartment. He sprung the latch on the lattice door for her and returned to counting the pile of bills in front of him.

She leaned on the counter beside him, and as he turned over the bills he glanced at her.

"Forty fifties," he laughed. "Do you make it the same?" Nettie nodded, and he turned to the rest of the money. Silently she checked the other items on the deposit slip, and as the boy turned away from the window she picked up one of the bills.

"What is that?" she demanded, pointing to some glistening particles.

Niblo laughed.

"That's from the foundry," he explained. "Gregson has been buying some steel."

"How do you know?" she asked.

"Gregson is peculiar. He pays cash for everything he gets. The foundry sends him stuff for the houses he is building in the new section, and as the last load is dumped he sends over to pay for it. He will not use a bank, but pays in cash, and he never lets a bill run overnight."

"Does he buy much?" she asked as she fingered a bill.

"They deposit cash about three times a week."

"And always with this thing on?"

"It's steel filings," explained Niblo. "They are everywhere over at the foundry." He slipped the bills in the drawer and stuck the slip on the spindle.

"Jack," she said suddenly, "count the money again."

"I just did," he said, in surprise, as he opened the drawer. The other bills had been bauded, and it was an easy matter to get only the foundry deposit. He ran the bills over rapidly, then turned to her with a puzzled expression.

"What do you make it?" he asked.

"Thirty-nine," she declared as she picked up the pile of bills and laid them back in the drawer. "Don't find the other even if you can. Just wait. As soon as you are out of the bank come over to George Castle's."

All through the rest of the afternoon he wondered as he went about his work. There was trouble over the shortage, and Niblo left the bank with a warning that the next mistake would be his last.

He went straight across the street to the dental office in the postoffice building, where Nettie had told him to meet her, and in the darkness they watched the interior of the bank.

At last Benson came into the receiving teller's pen and fumbled there a moment. With a little cry Nettie ceased her vigil and went to the telephone. Half an hour later Nettie, her father and Niblo confronted Benson, still poring over his books.

In his pocket was a bill to which the steel filings still clung, and Nettie led the way to Niblo's compartment. Pulling out the drawer, she fumbled beneath for a second and drew out a heavy magnet.

"I noticed that the filings were pasted on the bills," she explained. "The treasurer at the foundry is Mr. Benson's cousin. They arranged that deposits should be made in the afternoon, when the drawer was already full and the bills would reach high. One bill would stick to the magnet on account of the filings. The drawer is not looked after the money is taken out, and it was easy when the watchman was in another part of the bank to slip in and take it off. If I had not tried to pick a speck off the bill Jack showed me no one would ever have guessed it. He gained his end and the money as well."

A little later Jack left Nettie at the gate. "With the salary that goes with the cashier's job I guess I can afford to get married now," he said.

"For what else did I fool Benson?" asked Nettie as she raised her lips for a kiss. "I told you I'd do it, and I did."

Facts About Mankind.

Married people live longer than the unmarried, the temperate and industrious longer than the gluttons and idle, and civilized nations longer than the uncivilized. Tall persons enjoy a greater longevity than small ones.

Women have a more favorable chance of life before reaching their fiftieth year than men, but a less favorable one after that period. The proportion of married persons to single ones is as 75 to 1,000. Persons born in spring have a more robust constitution than those born at other seasons. Births and deaths occur all the world over more frequently at night than in the day time.

There are at present 3,000 languages spoken by the inhabitants of our globe, whose religious convictions are divided between 1,000 different confessions of faith.

The average duration of life is thirty-three years. One-fourth of the population of the earth dies before attaining the seventeenth year. Of a thousand persons only one reaches the age of a hundred years and not more than six that of sixty-five years.

The Most Useful Fish.

The cod is the most useful fish in the world. As an article of food, wholesome and substantial, either fresh or salted and dried, it forms a valuable addition to the food resources of the world, and in this and other ways few members of the animal kingdom are more universally serviceable to mankind. Enormously prolific (one fish producing 9,000,000 eggs) and widely distributed, its usefulness is appreciated almost everywhere. The tongue is considered a delicacy, the swimming bladder furnishes isinglass equal to that got from the sturgeon, while cod liver oil has a worldwide reputation as a medicine and food in pulmonary and other wasting diseases, where its highly nutritive properties give it great value. The Norwegians give cods' heads, mixed with marine plants, to their cows to increase the yield of milk. The Icelanders give the bones to their cattle and in Kamchatka the dogs are fed on them, while in the icy wastes, destitute of trees, they are frequently dried and used as fuel.—London Answers.

THE BEST INDIA INK.

It Is Redolent of Musk, Bright With Gold and Very Costly.

"This India ink," said the clever Chinese art student, "has no more right to be called Indian than your American redskins have to that name, for India ink all comes from China, and India never produced a stick of it.

"Anhui, my own province, is the one where India ink is made. The best of the ink is kept at home for the use of the royal scribes and the official literati. It is only the lower grade that is exported. This lower grade sells at wholesale in Anhui for $1,760 a ton.

"The very best grade of India ink—the kind rich with gold, is worth $75,000 a ton.

"The constituents of India ink are colza oil, pork fat, lampblack, glue, musk, gold leaf and the oil of a poisonous tree, the heng, which grows only in the Yangtse valley.

"After the admixture of the oils the lampblack, the fat and the glue, the resultant paste is beaten for many hours with steel hammers upon wooden anvils, and during that long beating certain quantities of musk and of gold leaf are added, the musk to give the ink perfume, the gold to give it luster.

"Afterward the ink is dried for three weeks in molds. The sticks are then decorated, the most artistic scribes gilding them with very beautiful Chinese characters.

"There is no ink worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with ours, an ink redolent of musk and bright with gold."—Exchange.

THE RESTLESS MORO.

He Is Never Happy Unless on a Marauding Expedition.

The Moro is brave to fearlessness, a born pirate and essentially a first class fighting man. He is never happy unless on a marauding expedition and stealing from his neighbors, friends and foes alike. The chief who is the most successful thief is the most respected and the most powerful among chiefs.

The Moro trades with his neighbors on market days in the various coins of the realm and foreign moneys. At other times he is a free ocean rover, extending his trading voyages as far north as the islands of Negros and Panay, south to the Celebes and Borneo and westerly to the Palawan. He is the most successful of smugglers, and a little act of piracy when chances offers goes without mention. The Moro is the most perfect of aquatic beings, the most skillful small boat sailor or large "prau" navigator extant. He can no more drown than can a fish. There is no record of a drowned Moro. He can dive to the bottom of the sea at depths of from twenty-five to a hundred feet for the valuable mother-of-pearl shell, and his life is largely lived at sea from infancy. Along the coast many of the Moro villages are built over the water.—Colonel Owen J. Sweet, U. S. A., in Harper's Weekly.

Importance of Hobbies.

For the well being and stable balance of every mind it is normally necessary that every man should have some pursuit which shall be unconnected with his business, which he must pursue with absolute seriousness. The hobby may be a game, it may be a collection of some sort (even stamps) or it may be some artistic achievement, and whether a man scarcely attains mediocrity even in it matters not at all, provided he pursues it with the fixed idea that nothing else in the world matters.—London Queen.

Tree Snakes of Borneo.

The flying frogs of the Malays appear to be mythical, but the tree snakes of Borneo are credited with taking flying leaps from the boughs of trees to the ground. It is found that scales on the lower part of the body may be drawn inward so that the whole lower surface becomes concave. The resistance to the air is thus greatly increased and experiments indicate that the snakes do not fall in writhing coils, but are let down gently in a direct line by the parachute-like action of their peculiar bodies.

The Cravat.

The cravat was once the name of a great military nation, the Croats, or Cravates, of the Balkans. It was their fashion to wrap large shawls or pieces of cloth around their necks and shoulders. About the middle of the reign of Louis XIV. he uniformed several regiments in the Croat fashion, with huge shawls about their necks. The fashion took, and the shawl diminished in size to the slight strip of cloth we still have with us.

Hearsay Evidence.

"See here, Jokely, I'm surprised to find you writing such bitter, cynical things about married life."

"Well—er—Benedict, you see, the fact is—er"—

"Oh, don't apologize. It isn't that. What surprises me is how, not being married, you know all these things."—Boston Transcript.

Friends.

"If a man is friendless it is his own fault."

"That's right. Why, there are fine fellows standing on every corner who would gladly borrow money from him."—Pittsburg Post.

Social Dictionary.

"Society" is now a combination of men and women who overdress themselves at the expense of their tradesmen that they may overeat themselves at the expense of their friends.—Life.

It is wise to save the first dollar that one makes in business, but wiser to save the last.

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Senorita Rita

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

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"So you are going home, senor?" The girl looked straight ahead at the wide sweep of level prairie pasture, her red lips parted in a smile—a most tantalizing, annoying smile Carruthers thought as he caught a glimpse of it sideways.

"Perhaps," he returned moodily. "I have stayed too long already."

"You do not like Texas, senor?"

"You did not call me senor last week." He bent toward her slightly, but she did not turn her head. "You called me—Jack."

She laughed and flashed a hasty glance at him from her soft, dark eyes.

"That was a long time ago—last week—but I will call you it again if you wish, Mr. Jack."

Carruthers did not notice the concession or her gay scorn. He stared out to where the cattle browsed—a sea of still, brown waves, hundreds of them, motionless and peaceful in the morning sunrise. Here and there on the outskirts stood a figure of a horse with a silent rider watching the grazing herd. Carruthers' gaze swept over the mass until it rested on one herder at the extreme north. Even with the distance of nearly a mile between them he knew what the figure looked like, knew that it was watching them as he was watching it. It was not a pleasant knowledge.

"You have changed your mind, Senorita Rita," he said bitterly, "since Ramon came to the ranch. I was very happy—in Texas—until your old sweetheart appeared."

Rita laughed again, deliciously, warmly, with a full enjoyment of his mood.

"You are not tired of Texas, Mr. Jack," she said merrily, "You are tired of me—ah, yes, I say you are. You love me so madly, so entrancingly, until somebody else comes who also loves me so madly, so entrancingly, too; and then all at once you are jealous and distant and dissatisfied, and, presto, now, this minute, you say you will leave Texas, you will never, never come to the Fortuna ranch again. You are—what did you call me the day I cried when Pep broke his leg?—kid, that is it. You are a big, foolish kid, Mr. Jack. When a man loves he does not sulk and ride away. He stays and fights. See!" She held up her hand and snapped her small tanned fingers sharply in the air. "I would not give that for the silly kid lover who rides away. Ramon is a Mexican, but he is brave; he can fight. If I but let him know the least bit I loved him he would carry me off on his horse 'way, 'way south over there to Mexico. You would not carry me away to your home like that, would you, Mr. Jack?"

"I would carry you to the end of the world," retorted Carruthers.

"But not to your home?" she persisted.

"I have no home," said Carruthers. "When I came here to Texas I meant to stay even before I met you."

"But you are rich. Ramon says you could buy all of the Fortuna for a pastime if you cared for it. And the Fortuna is the richest ranch within a hundred miles of the border. There is no cattleman so rich as my father in Mexico."

She lifted her head with the little tilt of pride he knew well. Senorita Rita Riaz, heiress of the Fortuna, could well afford to lift her head a trifle higher than other girls. But to Carruthers the motion brought merely regret. He knew the truth about the Fortuna—knew what every Texan as far as San Antonio would know within a week—that old Diablo Riaz had squandered his wealth in gambling; that not a thing on the Fortuna was unmortgaged save his daughter, and even she, it was rumored, was pledged to Ramon Doranda in return for his promised assistance when the crash came.

Carruthers might have given the same assistance and claimed the same reward, but something within him revolted against making the hand of the girl he loved the stake in a transaction over old Riaz's gambling debts. If he could win her, if he could hold her promise freely from her own lips, then he felt free to buy up the whole Fortuna when the crash came and lay it at her feet. But she must be free to say yes or no. And she would say neither. She would only laugh.

"Have you told Ramon you would marry him?" he asked, with sudden curtness. The uncertainty was maddening to him.

"Why do you ask?" she answered tensingly.

"Rita," he pleaded, "be serious. If you do not"—

She raised her arm with a sudden, imperative gesture and pointed to the herd.

"Look!" she cried. "They are stampeding!"

Carruthers looked. The brown sea had suddenly stirred to life. Undulating, swaying, branching out loosely at the edges, it was lurching toward them. There seemed to be nothing rapid or swift about its coming. Carruthers thought, almost idly, of how it resembled the swing of a bunch of race horses rounding the end of the field, when the movement was so concerted, so deliberate, that it hardly seemed a movement. The herders were riding here and there in confusion. They seemed mere specks of helpless misdirection in the distance.

Rita's face had lost its color. She turned her horse about, the rein held short and tight in her clinched hand.

"We must race before them as they come," she said. "If the horses keep their strength they will not trample us."

But Carruthers had slipped from the saddle.

"It is sure death to try to ride with them," he answered. "Dismount and do as I tell you."

The stern masterfulness of his tone startled her. He had never spoken like that to her; no one had.

"Hold the horses," he ordered. She obeyed, watching him in breathless silence. The brown cloud on the prairie was becoming more and more distinct. There was a heavy, low rumble in the air like far off thunder. Carruthers drew a cigarette case from his pocket, and after hunting carefully he produced one match.

"That is the only one I have," he said. "Pray that it doesn't go out."

He struck it on the box. The faint flame wavered in the southeasterly breeze, caught the end of the cigarette and lit it. Before the match went out Carruthers smelled it and set fire to the grass. It was dry and yellow from the sun and caught the blaze with a snap. The wind fanned it, and a wavering line of thin smoke slid like a snake along the roots for several feet. The horses reared and kicked at the first whiff, and Carruthers seized the bridles from the girl.

"Take the cigarette," he said, handing it to her. "Keep it alight and set fire to the grass as far as you can reach in a straight line facing the north. The wind is from the southeast and will blow the fire toward the herd. It may turn them."

Holding the plunging, trembling horses, he watched her. There was no fear, no sign of weakness. She was alert and sure in her touch as she knelt here and there in the grass and fired it. As the cigarette failed she tore a bunch of grass, tied it with another wisp and set it blazing like a torch. In another minute a wall of smoke and smoldering flame closed them in from the rushing herd line.

"Come back," called Carruthers. The herd were not a quarter of a mile from them. He could see the leaders, heads down, and behind them line after line of tossing horns.

"Will they reach us?" whispered Rita as she stood close beside him, her face lifted to his.

"God knows; I don't," said Carruthers desperately. "It is all we can do."

"Jack, listen to me." There was a new light in her dark eyes, a new softened tone to her voice. "Ramon has done this. The herd has never stampeded before. He has done it for revenge upon you and me. Last night I told him no. I know about him and the claim he holds over the Fortuna and my father, but I would rather lose it all than"—

"Than what?" Carruthers let the bridles trail on the ground and held her close in his arms. The tremble of hundreds of hoofs shook the ground, the thunder grew louder, now and then there came a low, threatening bellow from some steer gored by its fellows in the onrush.

"Than lose you," Rita whispered as she closed her eyes to meet what might come.

The herd was on them, but as the leaders caught the first sickening whiff of smoke they hesitated and wavered. Low leaping tongues of flame flashed up before them and rolls of smoke curled upward.

The leaders swerved westward. After them plunged the frightened herd, maddened and scared at the smell of the fire. The two horses, loosened, joined them in the frantic gallop, and in less than three minutes the danger had passed, and on the blackened bit of land stood Carruthers and Rita alone.

"The river will stop them," said Rita. "Ramon—I know he has done this to harm you. You must leave the ranch. No one can say what he may do next."

Carruthers bent to pick up something from the ground. It was the stub of a cigarette. He placed it tenderly and carefully in his case before he spoke.

"I know what Ramon will do next, sweetheart. He will cross the border into his own land tonight or else land in the hands of the sheriff. I mean to stay in Texas, and there is not room for both of us."

"On the Fortuna?"

"On our ranch," he said. "I bought the Fortuna yesterday to make sure of Ramon and of my senorita."

He Didn't Lie.

There is in the service of a Baltimore man an elderly darky who is much given to rebuking the mischievousness of his grandson, also in the employ of the Baltimorean. One day the latter chanced to overhear a conversation between the first and third generations, from which it was at once apparent that old Mose was scolding the boy for some trifling fault. The cross examination appeared unsatisfactory to old Mose, he suspecting the pickaninny of concealing something.

"Jackson Brown," said the grandfather sternly, "yo' is shore keepin' sumthin' back! 'Member what de good book says, chile!"

"Yassah," glibly responded the third generation; "I knows dat de Bible says yo' all mustn't lie, but it don't say yo' all got to tell de truf all de time!"—New York Times.

Black Under the Eyes Explained.

"In the north country," so goes the story in "Sun Babies," by Cornelia Sorabji, "in the month of Kartik is worshiped by the women folks the great and terrible god Bhishma. Lighted lamps must be placed at the crossroads of the village, under the sacred fig tree, at the shrine of Shiva, and one little lighted lamp is sent adrift on a raft in the village tank. When the lamps have burned low it is good to rub the black from the wicks under the eyes. It keeps away the evil one. So that is the reason to this day we women put the black beneath the eyes."

Wellington's Integrity.

The great Duke of Wellington was noted for his rigid integrity. Here is an instance which occurred in reference to his large estate. Some farm adjoining his lands was for sale, and his agent negotiated for him for the purchase. Having concluded the business, he went to the duke and told him he had made a capital bargain. "What do you mean?" asked the duke. "Why, your grace, I have got the farm for so much, and I know it to be worth at least so much more." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Quite sure, your grace, for I have carefully surveyed it." "Very well, then, pay the gentleman from me the balance between what you have already given and the real value of the estate."—Argonaut.

A CURIOUS WILL.

It Was Made by an Insane Lawyer Who Died Penniless.

Several years ago Charles Lounsberry, a Chicago lawyer, who at one time ranked high in his profession, died an insane patient in the Cook county asylum at Dunning. Although this man died absolutely destitute and penniless, he left a "will." This will was duly sent to the probate court; but, there being nothing to probate, the document was merely placed on file. This peculiar will read in part as follows:

"I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly may be to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep bound volumes as my property being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal; but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"Item: I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly but generously as the needs of their children shall require.

"Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof and the odors of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poems, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully without title or diminution.

"Item: To Your loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children, until they fall asleep"—Detroit News-Tribune.

A Picture of Stevenson.

Of Robert Louis Stevenson a writer says: "With his dark eyes looking as if they had drunk in the sunshine in some southern land, his uncut hair, his odd, shabby clothes clinging to his attenuated frame, his elaborate manners and habit of gesticulating as he spoke he was often mistaken for a starving musician or foreign mountebank. Continental officials doubted his passport's statement that he was a Briton. In France he was imprisoned, and Stevenson complained that he could not pass a frontier or visit a bank without suspicion. A slender, boyish presence, with a graceful, somewhat fantastic bearing and a singular power of attraction in the eyes and a smile were the first things that impressed you. Like his mother, he remained to the end of his life perennially young in appearance and spirits. The burden of years never weighed him down or dimmed his outlook. His face kindled and flushed with pleasure when he heard of a doughty deed, a spice of wit or some tale to his liking."

A Sponge Farm.

"I know of several sponge farms in the Mediterranean that pay well," said a druggist. "The sponge in the past was always gathered wild, like the clam. It is only of late years that a tame or cultivated sponge (a farm product like the oyster) appeared. The world owes sponge farms and sponge farming to Professor Oscar Schmidt, a Syrian. Schmidt some years ago made a study of sponges. He selected a good place in the bed of the sea, and, breaking off pieces of living sponge, he planted them. The result was excellent. The planted sponges grew well or better than the wild. At a cost of $45 Schmidt raised 4,000 sponges worth $1,000. Oysters are cultivated. Lobsters are cultivated. Pearl bearing oysters are cultivated. Sponges are cultivated. Mark me, it won't be long before coral and whales will be cultivated—before the sea, like the land, will be owned and farmed by man."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Webster and the Singers.

Daniel Webster was exceedingly fond of music, and when he was stopping at Willard's hotel in Washington he never ceased to implore the wife of a member of congress, also a guest at the hotel, for "just a little song." He had an old fashioned gallantry in speaking to ladies, and every time he saw the wife of his friend he complimented her most extravagantly on her voice. When Jenny Lind came to Washington Daniel Webster was, of course, among the audience. He had come in rather late from a champagne party and after each song of Jenny Lind's applauded most vociferously. Finally, rising to the pinnacle of enthusiasm, he stood up in the crowded hall and made one of his most gallant bows to the great singer. Then, catching sight of the lady whose voice he also admired, he turned to her, away from Jenny Lind, and made a still lower bow amid the laughter and applause of the audience.

Not So Easy.

"Dibbis, don't you think a man ought to save at least half the money he makes?"

"Yes, but how can he, with his creditors howling for it all the time?"

Gilding the whistle will not raise the steam.

A BRETON WEDDING.

Picturesque Parade to Display the Household Furniture.

A typical Breton wedding is as curious as it is improvident. So poor often are the young pair that the only way they can set up housekeeping is by presents from their friends of food, flax, furniture and money. The youth desirous of matrimony simply offers his hand to the object of his choice. If she accept she must confirm her acquiescence by drinking wine with him. Her father's consent is asked by proxy, the deputy holding a piece of furze during the interview. The father usually offers an old woman, a young widow and a child before granting the request.

On the wedding day a cowherd leads round the village an ox wagon laden with the wedding furniture. On the top of this load two maidens are seated, one spinning hemp and the other flax.

The bride shows her fine breeding by making her friends drag her to church. On either side of the altar burns a wax taper, and it is expected that whichever of the two is nearest to the least brilliant light will die first.

The bride on leaving the church is presented with a distaff to remind her of her duties. Tripe, butter, buckwheat bread and cider form the marriage feast, toward which each guest pays his portion.

At nightfall, according to an ancient custom, the mother gives her daughter a handful of nuts. The happy pair are serenaded and are served with soup containing crusts threaded together, in symbol of unity.

SPECTACLE LENSES.

How the Glasses Are Ground, Polished and Finished.

In the manufacture of spectacle lenses the bit of glass to be formed into a lens is fastened by means of pitch to a small block of hard rubber, so that it may be held. It is ground by being pressed against a rapidly revolving cast iron disk on a vertical spindle and with curvature equal and opposite to that desired in the lens.

This is the "rough tool" and is kept moistened with emery and water. Several grades of emery are used in succession, changing from coarse to fine as the grinding proceeds.

The glass is then transferred to the "fine tool," made of brass, and compared from time to time to a standard curve in order to insure accuracy. In this second grinding the abrading material is rough.

Finally, the lens is polished by being pressed against a piece of cloth powdered with rouge and fastened to the rotating tool. The glass is now loosened from its block, turned over and the reverse side of the lens ground. When this has been accomplished the lens is placed on a leather cushion and held firmly in position by a rubber tipped arm while a diamond glass cutter passing round an oval guide traces a similar oval on the glass below. The superfluous glass is removed by steel pluchers and the rough edges are ground smooth on Scotch wheels.—Pearson's Weekly.

Man and His Money.

Almost every woman has her basis for the valuation of a man. One girl who recently broke off an engagement to be married certainly has hers.

"I couldn't stand him," she said, "because he carried his money in a fish scale purse. That seemed to me the limit. To my mind there is only one really manly way for a man to carry money, and that is to throw it around loose in his trousers pockets, so that when he wants a nickel he has to dig up change by the handful to get it. For bills, of course, I can stand one of those little leather pocketbooks. They have a businesslike aspect and do not detract from a man's dignity. But to see a big, strapping fellow who has the appearance of a real live man draw a little purse from his pocket and fish around for a dime is too much for me."—New York Sun.

Rome's Great Fire.

In A. D. 64 ten of the fourteen municipal districts of Rome were destroyed by a conflagration instituted, it is said, by the Emperor Nero. The number of lives lost is known to amount up into the hundreds, but the value of the property destroyed cannot be estimated. By the emperor's command thousands of Romans rendered homeless and destitute were employed in removing the debris and rebuilding the burned city. Nero, to divert the odium of the crime from himself, charged it upon the Christians, and thus began one of the greatest persecutions in the history of the early Christian church.

The World's Coal.

The total known coal production of the world is something like 700,000,000 tons per annum. Experts state that even at this rate of production there is sufficient coal to last for thousands of years. Some faint idea can be gathered from these figures of the enormous quantity of coal there is on this planet. At the same time there is the statement made by Sir Robert Ball that all the coal on the earth would not supply the sun's heat for one-tenth of a second.

He Changed.

"Greymair's wife brought him home a suit of clothes, but I understand he mustered up the courage to tell her that he had made up his mind to change it."

"Did he change it?"

"Oh, yes; he changed his mind."

The first smile of an infant, with its toothless gums, is one of the pleasantest sights in nature. It is innocence claiming kinship and asking to be loved in its helplessness.—Dr. D. Livingstone.

Sun Worshipers.

One of the best friends the tailor has is a spell of warm, bright sunshine. It flows up the shabby portions of dress and reveals its faded parts in unmistakable fashion, with the result that the wearers soon find their way to the tailor and order a fresh supply of up to date styles.—London Tailor and Cutter.

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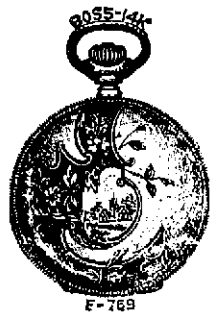

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